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Preserving the Past for the Future

FLASH BACK

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Washington County Historical Society

Preserving the Past for the Future

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WILLIAM SHERROD PIONEER PREACHER

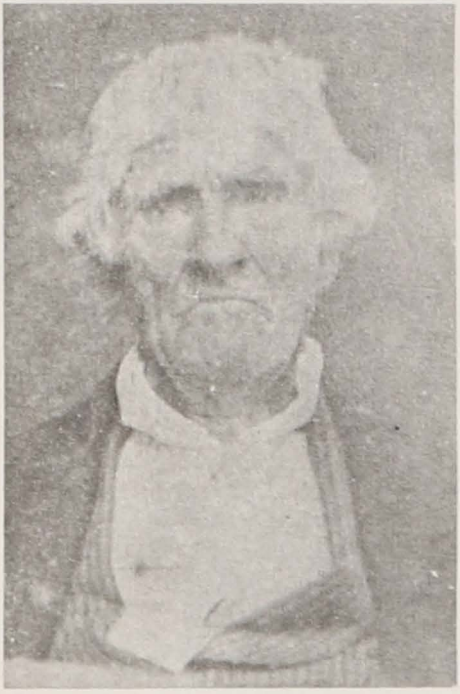
By Dorothy Ware Wilson

If it is a fact that in twelve generations an individual will have 4,096 direct ancestors, it would be interesting to know how many direct descendants this pioneer couple's dozen children multiplied into, from the early 1800's to the present time! Counting Will and Charlotte as the first generation in Arkansas, many of the eighth generation are still living here, while no doubt other members have spread from one end of America to the other.

The earliest marked birth date at the Goshen Cemetery in this county is that of the Reverend William Sherrod, born 1 Apr. 1788 at Northampton, North Carolina. His father's name may have been Joel Sherrod and his mother's maiden name may have been Katherine Karnes. Both William and his brother Arthur Sherron were Methodist ministers who migrated to northwest Arkansas. Possibly other brothers were: Jonathan Sherwood/Sherrod who, with his wife (both born ca 1790), five sons and five daughters, is listed on the 1829 and 1830 Washington County, AR Sheriff's Census; Lemuel Sherrod, living Maury County, TN in 1820 (as was William); and Dr. Irvin R. Sherrod, born 1803 at Northampton, NC, who married Eliza R. Shelton and went to Tipton County, TN in 1832.

Will Sherrod was a farmer when he enlisted for the War of 1812, as did brother Arthur, at Franklin, TN on 26 Oct. 1813, and served one year and 114 days. According to papers from the National Archives, he was in Captain B. Johnson's Company, with the Second Regiment of U.S. Rifles, and Captain Minor Sturgis' Company in the 24th U.S. Infantry. He was wounded, possibly at the battle of Macanaw, or at Malden, in upper Canada, where he served. He received 160 acres of bounty land for his service, possibly in Maury Co., TN. He was honorably discharged at Detroit, MI, 30 Jun. 1815. His discharge papers describe him at the time as being twenty-six years old, five feet six inches tall, with fair complexion, grey eyes, and light-colored hair.

The following year, on 14 Oct. 1816 in Maury Co., TN, William Sherrod and Charlotte Miller were married by Donaldson Potter, minister of the gospel. Charlotte was born 30 Nov 1791 at Halifax County, VA, daughter of Frederick and Mary (Carter) Miller, and granddaughter of George and Frances (Neale) Carter of VA, and Johann Frederick and Anna Maria (Arnd) Mueller, both from Germany. Will and Charlotte Sherrod had a large family on their farm on the Duck River, nine miles below Columbia, in Maury Co., TN, and were listed on the 1820 and 1830 census there. In 1827, Charlotte's father died without a will, and Will Sherrod served as Administrator.



Rev. William Sherrod

Charlotte Miller Sherrod

Around 1832 this Sherrod family moved to Arkansas (four years before statehood) where their last two children were born. By 1840 Charlotte's sister Jane Miller, born 1804 Va, and her husband Evan Shelby Polk, born 1790 NC, had moved their family to Huntsville, and then War Eagle Township in Madison County, AR. Will farmed and served as a pioneer preacher at a crude log church in the frontier settlement of Goshen in eastern Washington County, AR. A grandson, Rev. J. F. McCuistion, wrote of Will Sherrod: "He was a Methodist preacher for about sixty years and was considered the orator of his day. Remnants of the ecclesiastical library brought over (from TN) still remain in the family. Grandfather Sherrod served in the War of 1812 (Indian War) and carried a bullet in his hip until the end of his journey."

An incident of those days was related by another grandson, Col. C. B. "Buck" Saunders of Berryville, AR. Rev. Sherrod rode horseback from his farm to the log church on Sunday, carrying a hymn book and his Bible in his saddle bags. He was Methodist, but served neighbors of all faiths when the services of a minister were needed in the surrounding community. After the service one day, the neighborhood bully, who had been drinking, accused him of preaching a lie and blasphemy. Deciding the man's mind was not open to reason, the pioneer preacher laid his well-worn Bible safely aside and astounded the ruffian, who expected an argument of words, with a swift battering from hard-muscled fists. With a look of shock and amazement, and with blood oozing from his cut lip, the man hurriedly fled, no doubt amid cheers from the watching congregation. The preacher said his usual "God be with you", mounted his horse, and galloped homeward.

Will's great-grandson, Nathan Boone Williams, wrote this in the foreward of his 1944 book "We the People" about meeting Will Sherrod. "Our country is yet in the vigor of youth. How very young it is can be visualized by this personal reference. The father of my grandmother Williams was born in 1788, just between the time of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and the setting-up of this government in 1789. I vividly recall a visit I made to his home with my grandmother, and of how impressed I was with his great age. He was then in his nineties. I do not recall having ever seen him on any other occasion. But since that time, it has frequently occurred to me how I, a lad of six or seven, touched hands and looked into the face of a man who was a child when this nation was established; how its history and the matchless accomplishments of its people are encompassed within the brief space of less than two lives."

In 1834, when Martin Van Buren was president, Will Sherrod purchased land from the U.S. government in Section 20, Township 16, Range 28. It was located southeast of Goshen, on Richland Creek, near Frog Level which later became better known as Richland View. In December 1839 he bought fifteen acres from James and Viley Slover, and in 1860 bought forty more acres from the government. Following the Civil War, only one of the Sherrod's six sons was still living. But when William Sherrod wrote his will in July 1879, his daughter Nancy's husband, John A. Neill, a Justice of the Peace, was named his executor. The loving grandparents, to whom the Civil War was so costly in personal pain in their sunset years, designated twenty dollars to each of their deceased son's children, before the estate was divided among the children. Will Sherrod received Pension #15,860 for his service in the War of 1812, for which he applied in June 1872 (from National Archives records). It was only eight dollars a month, but with his days of hard work long past, it no doubt came in handy. When the pioneer preacher and farmer's labors ceased, on 6 Jan 1881, his age was 92 years and 10 months.

When Charlotte applied to receive her widow's pension, she was required to submit a list of their children's names and birth dates from the family Bible. The application stated that neither she nor her husband had been previously married. In a notarized statement, their daughter

Charlotte said, "The old family Bible containing these records was published by Lippencott, Crambo & Co. at Philadelphia in 1852. Records transcribed from a Bible published by C. Alexander & Co. of Philadelphia in 1834, but the names of all children born previous to the date of the last-named Bible had been recorded in an older book still, the date of which I have no recollection. Said book had come to pieces and has been lost and I don't remember what disposition was made of it." The mother's application also stated, "William Sherrod was wounded, but never drew any pension by reason of the wound, but drew a pension under the act of Congress allowing pensions to soldiers of said war." Charlotte's earthly days ended 11 Aug 1883 and she was laid to rest beside her husband of 64 years at the Goshen Cemetery. A small silver spoon that belonged to Charlotte, stamped "Scoville & Buckingham", was in possession of her granddaugher Charlotte (Neill) Mayes. After Will and Charlotte were both gone, the children sold the 226½ acre Sherrod farm on Richland Creek to John H. Clark and D. T. Smith for $2,450, since they all had long since established their own home farms and raised their families on them. It would be ten years before the final settlement was made on their estate.

We will now turn to what we have been able to find out about the children of Will and Charlotte (Miller) Sherrod.

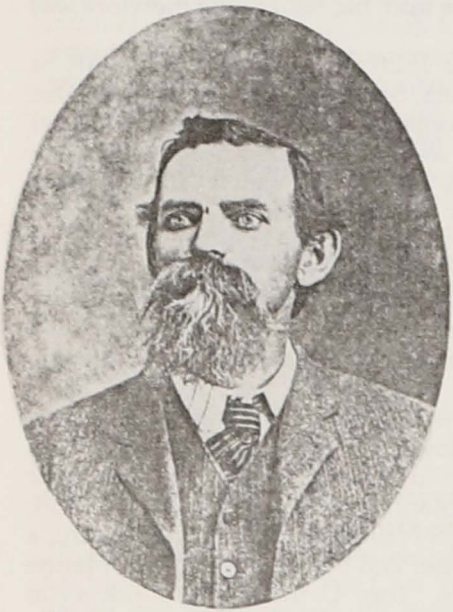
I. Mary Ann "Polly" Sherrod was born 2 Mar 1818 in Maury Co., TN. About 1835, in Arkansas, she married James Conway McCuistion, who was born ca 1810 in TN. (This name was commonly recorded as McChristian in early records). Some of this family are buried at the Dunaway Cemetery in Madison County, Ar, according to their great-granddaughter Jeanne (Thomas) Fox of Garland, TX who supplied much of the information on this line. James McCuistion and his two daughters Elizabeth and Mary Ann all died within ten days, in December 1859. In a notarized statement made by Mary in 1881, when her mother was applying for her widow's pension, Mary stated she was the oldest child of Will and Charlotte. At that time, Mary's address was at Durham, Washington County, AR. Children: (1) Elizabeth C. McCuistion, b. 17 Dec 1836, AR, m. ca 1857 to John Thomas. Their only child James Larenzo Dow Thomas, was eleven months old when the mother died. His father died on Christmas Eve during the Civil War, while home on sick leave, when James was five years old. (2) William Robert McCuistion, b. 2 Oct 1839, AR, m. Jenneta 'Nettie" Cooper. He d. 1 Oct. 1909. (3) Mary Ann McCuistion, b. 19 May 1841, AR, m. ca 1857 to William Lollar, and she d. 1859. (4) Thomas Carlisle McCuistion, b. 23 Nov 1843, AR, m. 1st Miss Marrs, 2nd on 26 Aug 1873 Sarah M. Angeline. He d. 16 Aug 1988. (5) Charlotta E. "Lottie" McCuistion (recorded on 1850 census as "Charles"), b. 23 Feb 1846, AR, m. Francis M. "Frank" Fritts. She d. 3 Mar 1904. (6) James Rankin McCuistion, b. ca 1847, AR, m. 1 Oct 1871 Jane McKinzey. He is thought to be buried Mt. Comfort Cemetery. (7) Wesley Brown McCuistion, b. 3 May 1850, m. ca 1872 Sarah Ann Cooper, daughter of James W. and Barbara (Fritts) Cooper. Wesley d. 27 Dec 1907. (A son, Lowry, in 1952, listed Jane Schrim/Schrum as his great-

grandmother.) (8) Newton Conway McCuistion, b. 3 Jan 1853, Madison County, AR, m. Matilda (Franklin or Joslin). He d. 15 May 1916. (9) Rev. John Franklin McCuistion, b. 21 Mar 1855, Madison County, AR, m. 1st 12 Nov 1876 Mary Ellen Reynolds, who d. 1880. J.F. began preaching in 1883, his first sermon as a Methodist preacher given at Sulphur City, having been a resident of Washington County since 1863. He 2nd m. Julia Ann Kennedy, b. 1862, d. 1951. He d. 26 Dec 1936 at Prairie Grove, AR, and is buried there. Some of their children: Joseph W., 1880-1887; infant son b. and d. 1882; Bertha, 1884-1904; John W. 1885-1887; Alma 1888-1954; Ed, lived Little Rock in 1936; Fred, lived Knoxville, TN 1936; Artie, lived Tulsa, OK. 1936 and d. 1943; and Oscar, who lived Prairie Grove and d. 1978. (10) George C., Jan-Apr 1858.

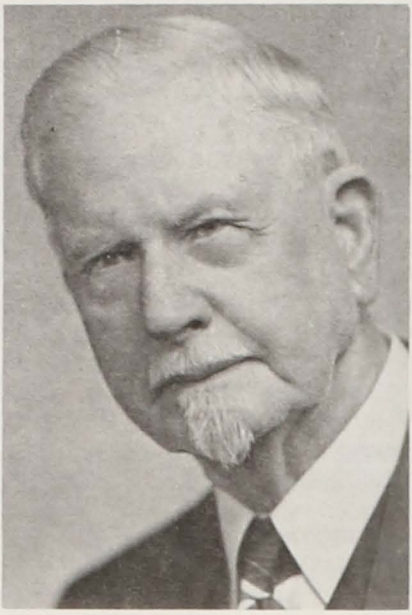
II. Elizabeth Sherrod was born 26 Apr 1819, TN. She may have died young, since she was not on father's will. (Or did she marry William S. Casner, and receive financial assistance from her father, and therefore was not listed on will?)

III. Martha Sherrod was born 18 May 1820, TN, and married in AR ca 1835 to Judge Levi "Lee" Best Sanders/Saunders. He was born 25 Dec 1816 at Richmond, VA, son of George Woodard and Drucilla (Best) Sanders. Lee and Martha Sanders went by covered wagon between 1835-8 to Gainesville, TX where they had a cattle ranch. Six daughters were born to them. One time Indians carried off Martha and a baby girl, but she escaped and came back to her family with the little girl. Frontier life was too harsh, so the Sanders family moved back to Greenville, TX and opened a store. Their last child, a son, was destined to become world-renowned. Some of their girls married in Texas, where the family lived about thirty years. After the turmoil of the Civil War, the Sanders family moved back to Arkansas, settling at Berryville because of Clark's Academy. At the time of the 1880 census, Lee Sanders was living in early Eureka Springs, AR, a health resort town named by his son on an early hunting trip. Lee died 22 Jul 1881, and his wife on 22 Jul 1902. Their children, all born in Texas, were: (1) Mary Jane Sanders, b. 2 Dec 1838, m. F. W. Mattox. (2) Ava Sanders, b. 9 May 1841, m. 1st N. H. Neely, a Methodist minister at Greenville, TX, and 2nd Matthew Ready. (3) Martha "Mattie" Sanders, b. 7 Oct 1843, m. Tom C. Ready, a physician at Bonham, TX. (4) Emma Sanders, m. a Mr. Mattox, later a Los Angeles real estate man. (?) On a family chart at the Saunders Museum at Berryville, AR was listed Columbus Sanders who died 1846, probably an infant. (5) Artimetia "Missy" Sanders, b. 13 Dec 1852, who m. 1st (A.L. or P.B.) Dingle and moved to Colville, WA, and 2nd Presley Ball. (6) Missouri "Sue" Sanders, b. 17 Feb 1857, and was living with her parents in Arkansas in 1870, m. J.C. Hannah who became a banker at Spokane, WA. (7) Col. Charles Burton "Buck" Saunders, b. 7 Feb. 1863. When C.B. was four, his grandfather Will Sherrod would load his muzzle-loading rifle, and supervise the lad's learning to shoot it. C.B. became such an expert shot at a young age, shooting deer to feed the family, that he earned the lifelong nickname of "Buck" Saunders. He could also match trick and fancy

shooting, later on, with the best. Col. Buck Saunders became an early banker of Eureka Springs, and then went west to the gold rush in the Klondike, where he loaned money. He later came very close to becoming a victim of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake while in the banking business there. In it he lost the beginning of a famous gun collection. Berryville, Arkansas now proudly displays Col. Saunders' very extensive gun collection at the Saunders Museum, for which he willed the money to build and maintain after his death. It also houses a large collection of a variety of items gathered on an extended around-the-world tour in 1909 and 1910, with his wife. She was a widow, Mrs. Gertrude (Smith) Bowers of Redlands, CA to whom he was married 1 Nov 1906. She died in 1911, they had no children, and he never remarried. He died in 1952, at age 89, and was buried at Berryville, AR. His mother Martha's picture can be seen at the museum.



Berry V. Sherrod



Col. Chas. "Buck" Saunders

IV. Sterling B. "Brown" Sherrod was b. 29 Jan 1922, TN , moving to Arkansas as a boy. Around 1842 he married Margaret Lankford, b. 1822 in Alabama. He died in 1864, and his wife died just three weeks and two days before he did. They left a family of eight children. According to page 1018 in GOODSPEED, seven of the family died within seven months (cause not given), leaving only three children. They lived in Madison County, AR when he died. Probate Book B, dated Feb 1868, states that L.B. Sanders filed a petition to appoint James Phillips guardian for Narcissus and Berry Sherrod (so by that time one more of the remaining children had died). The 1860 Prairie Township, Madison County, AR cen-

sus lists Brown and Margaret Sherrod's children, all born AR: (1) Elizabeth b. 1843; (2) Eddy, b. 1845; (3) Charlotte, b. 1847; (4) Jane, b. 1849; (5) John, b. 1850; (6) Emeline, b. 1853; (7) Narcissus, b. 1855, m. 6 Oct. 1872 George F. Trammell, but she apparently died, and he m. 2nd Hannah Parker 4 Sep 1878; (8) Berry V. Sherrod (apparently listed as Moody), b. 29 Mar 1859. GOODSPEED said, "Berry was reared an orphan, the only one positively known to be living (in 1889)." On 21 Jun 1877, Berry m. Mary Kansady Wilderson, and they built a large home on his farm on the east side of the White River from the Habberton community, northwest of Goshen. "Sherron's Bluff" on the river nearby was named for him. He is given credit for getting the Habberton bridge built across White River in the 1890's, at least a mile north of the present Highway 45, of which only the concrete footings remain. The farm was owned by Jack Perry in recent years, and the impressive two-story home burned. According to a story written by Phillip Steele, Berry Sherrod was filling an anvil with gunpowder to celebrate the 1884 election of Grover Cleveland. (This old custom of "firing the anvil" was the early day answer to fireworks. After setting the exposed wick, the resulting boom could be heard for many miles!) Being dark, the anvil was taken inside the log Mountain Home School for light, and was carried back outside for firing. A young boy misunderstood Berry's directions to keep the kerosene lamp back, and instead brought it closer. The resulting explosion demolished the school. Berry survived, but many people were killed and a large number injured. After farming fifty years on this river bottom farm, Berry and Mary sold it in the early 1920's to follow their children west. He died in Arizona, or Fresno, CA. Their children: Sterling T. Sherrod; Eva M., who m. R.L. Fair 4 Sep 1912; Arva L. who m. Stonewall Jackson Walker 6 Jun 1903; William Vernon Sherrod who m. Miss Stella Dennan 28 July 1899; Mami, who m. Porter O. Slaughter 23 Dec 1908; and Jessie Sherrod.

V. James T. Sherrod was b. 26 Feb 1823, TN. He was not found on local census, so may have moved away. He was dead before his father wrote his will in 1879, possibly from the Civil War. The will named James' widow as Catherine, and specified twenty dollars to each of their children, but did not name them unfortunately. At this time, nothing further is known on this line.

VI. Emily Sherrod was b. 13 Oct 1824, TN. On 22 July 1847 she m. Philemon Williams in Washington County. He was b. 27 Mar 1820, probably in Franklin County, IL, son of Rial and Orpha (Garrett) Williams, pioneer settlers of Washington County, AR. Philemon died in Civil War and was buried on a farm near Hindsville. Emily is listed as head of household on 1870 Prairie Township, Madison County, AR census, before moving to Texas. In 1883 Emily was living in Ellis County, TX when paid $450 by D.R. Smith for the 1/6 share of parent's farm on Richland Creek (Book M2, p. 159, Washington County, AR). Emily d. Jan 1911 at Frederick, OK. Children of Emily and Philemon Wiliams: (1) Rial Williams, Jr., b. 30 Apr 1848, Washington County, AR, m. 21 Apr 1867 in Madison County, Ar to Mary C. Llangley, b. 28 Nov 1857, Maury

Co., TN, d. 25 Sep 1926. Rial d. 8 Nov 1928 at Frost, TX. Children: Emily E., b. 3 Mar 1868, AR, unmarried; Willy Alfred, b. 24 Nov 1869, AR, d. 1888. Manthia J., b. 9 Dec. 1871, AR, m. L.A. Rogers and said to have had 14 children; Jennie C., b. 21 Jul 1875 at Red Oak, Ellis County, TX, m. Will Lee of Longview, TX and had six children; Mary Charlotte, b. 7 Sept. 1879 at Navarro, TX, m. 1st Charlie Langley, 2nd Johnson Tanner of Frost, TX, 4 children; George Allen Williams, b. 31 Dec 1881, m. Martha Byrd, 3 children; Zarah M., b. 24 Sep 1884, m. Elbert A. Murphy; Frances E., b. 8 Sep 1886, m. Allen Thompson, 1 boy; and Myrtle Williams, b. 3 Dec 1888, m. Charlie W. Murphy of Frost, TX., 3 children. (2) Moses Williams, Jr. b. 11 Jan 1850, Washington County, AR. In 1870, at age 21, Moses was living in Richland Township, Washington County, Ar with his grandparents Will Sherrod, 82, and Charlotte, 80, along with two other grandchildren—14-year-old Narcissus, and 11-year-old Berry Sherrod, Brown's orphaned children. (The 1870 census discloses some of the heartbreak of the recent Civil War, since many war orphans, with or without their mothers, are living with grandparents. Many teens lived with relatives or neighbors as live-in laborers.) No doubt Moses did most of the work on the Sherrod farm during this period. Moses moved to Texas with his mother in 1870. He wrote a letter in April 1923 from Milford, TX mentioning that (in 1870) "I was living with my Grandfather Sherrod, about one mile from my Grandfather Williams". Moses m. Mandy Smith at Milford, TX and had Monroe and Willy Williams and an infant that died. (3) William "Bill" Williams, b. May 1852, thought unmarried. (4) Alice Williams, b. 1854, m. J.W. Farmer of Texas. (5) Archibald Yell Williams, b. 1859, lived Carlsbad NM in 1924. (6) Emily "Sissy" Williams, m. S.N. Gosnell. Children of Emily and Sanford Noah Gosnell: Sarah Alice, 1880, m. John Benjamin Stevens, 7 children; Eva Anne, 1882, m. John William "Crip" Hendricks, 3 children; Ida Edith, 1884, m. Charles Thomas Robins, 5 children; John Rial, 1887, m. Ida May Jones, 3 children; Eugene, 1889-1891; Emily Ruth, 1892, m. Everett William Pate, 3 children.

VII. Charlotte Sherrod was b. 31 Mar 1826, TN, and was married 26 Mar 1846 in Washington County, AR to Moses Williams, by his uncle Robert Garrett, J.P. Moses was b. 5 Oct 1823, Franklin County, IL, and was the 5th of 17 children of Rial and Orpha (Garrett) Williams. Moses farmed on the eastern edge of Washington County, AR, and they had eight children when the Civil War began, but he enlisted in 1862. On 4 Feb 1863, word was brought to Charlotte that he had been ambushed and killed on Flyn Hill near Braden (which is now near the crossroads of Highways 45 and 265 east of Fayetteville). With heavy hearts, Charlotte and her sixteen year old son, Garrett, took a wagon to retrieve Moses' body and give it a proper burial. (The exact location is unknown, but it is logical to assume he was buried at the small Williams family cemetery on a point of land overlooking Richland Creek, on the farm his father homesteaded. It is presently owned by a direct descendant, Vernon Phillips). Charlotte was left to endure the extreme hardships of the long years of war, outwitting raiding

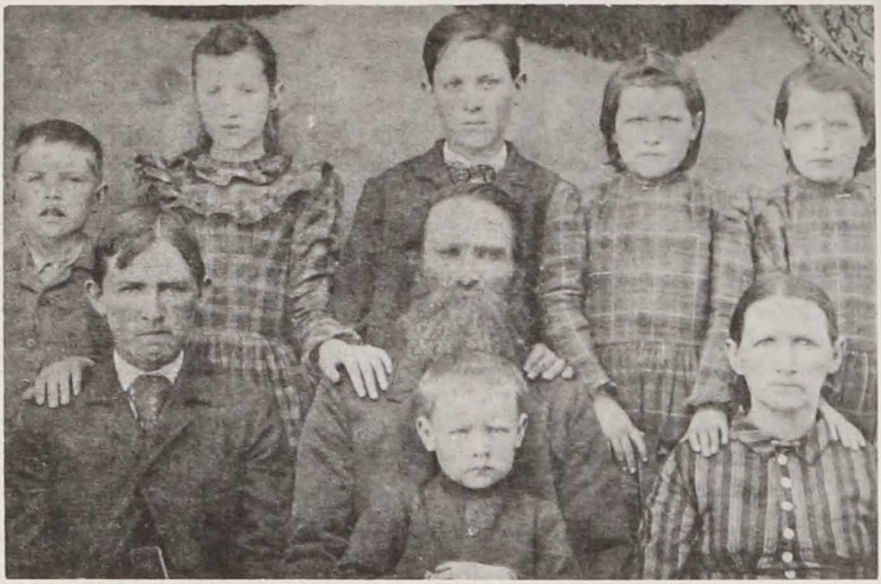
bushwhackers to keep her large family fed and clothed. One can speculate that she had to lean at times on her aging parents for assistance until the war's end. She finished raising the children, with the exception of losing her youngest daughter at the age of seventeen. A story about Charlotte that has been passed down through the generation is about her custom of smoking a little pipe while resting after the work of a big dinner was over (a practice also followed by President Andrew Jackson's wife Rachel). One day, as Charlotte was relaxing in her rocker and on the verge of falling asleep, her pipe went off with a "bang". She jumped up and shouted, "Price, you rascal, come here!" Apparently the youngest child was the mischief-maker of the family, and she figured he would be nearby to observe her reaction to his strategically placed pinch of gunpowder! Charlotte spent her last years with her oldest daughter, Nancy Byrd, at Goshen, where she died 15 Aug 1902, and was buried. The children of Moses and Charlotte Williams, all born Washington County, AR were; (1) Garrett Williams, b. 18 Mar 1847, joined the Confederate Army at age sixteen to take his dead father's place. He received minor wounds in local battles. An unusual experience was losing a hunk of hair and scalp when a chain fired from a yankee cannon flew through the air and wrapped around the tree he was beside! According to his biography on page 1119 of GOODSPEED'S 1889 history, he farmed and was Madison County's only fruit tree nurseryman. On 15 Sep 1872 he m. Susan Maybelle Nash "Belle" Wilson. She was b. 9 Aug 1850, A. daughter of Benjamin

Charlotte S. Williams

Garrett Williams

Emily S. Williams

Henderson Wilson (whose family is listed in the Spring 1982 issue of *Madison County (Arkansas) Musings* and Annaliza Caroline "Callie" Tuttle (whose family is listed in the WCHS book "Solomon Tuttle of Old Mount Comfort). After Belle d. 10 Apr 1911, Garrett m. 2nd Julia Whitner. He d. 8 Nov 1914. Belle and Garrett are buried at Buckeye Cemetery in Madison County. Their children were: Nathan Boone Williams, 1873, who m. Lida Ware; Frederick Herbert Williams, 1875, who m. Libbie Ware; Stella Williams, 1879, who m. Harry Eben Ware (grandparents of this compiler—the Ware family is in August 1983 FLASHBACK); Archie



Anderson Byrd in the center of his brood. The author is not sure of the identification of the boys shown. the girls from L. to R. are Twins Fannie and Nora, then Ella with Nancy Williams Byrd in lower right corner.

Bishop Williams, 1883-1889; Nolan Lafayette Williams, 1886, who m. Rubie Robertson; and Elfie Williams, 1891, who m. Norton Hillard Robertson. (2) Nancy "Nan" Williams, b. 16 Dec 1848, spend her entire life at Goshen, m. Anderson Byrd 28 Jan 1875 (who was first married to Parmelia Lockmiller, mother of some of his children) and they had: William H Byrd, 1876; Jessie Price Byrd, 1878; Jarvis Conley Byrd, 1880; Lydia Ella Byrd, 1881, who m. Lewis W. Tisdale; Charles Franklin Byrd, 1884, who m. Velma Clark; twins b. 15 Jun 1886—Fannie Medaline Byrd who was married to John Amos Dodson for 73 years, and Nora Julia Byrd who m. Will T. Woolsey; and Isham Anderson Byrd, 1889, who m. Ovie Johnson. (Jarvis, Charlie and Isham lived Tulare, CA in 1922). (3) William Rile "Bill" Williams, b. 28 Sep 1851, and said to have run a mill at Goshen, m. Eliza Madeline "Meddie" Wilson (sister of Belle), b. ca 1854, AR. In a March 1879 letter to her aunt here, she described farming life in Alvarado, Johnson County, TX. They had: Callie Tuttle Williams, b. 1890 on Brush Creek, Madison County, AR who became a station agent for Western Pacific RR at Beckwth, CA, and Berry Hollis Williams, b. 1897 at Goshen, who became a traveling agent. Meddie d. 18 Mar 1902, age 48, and is buried at Goshen. Bill's second wife's name is not presently known. In 1922 he lived at Campbell, CA and it is remembered that "they were in a big earthquake". (4) Mary "Mate" Williams, b. Mar 1854, m. Edmon B. Shipley, b. Nov 1842, at Goshen blacksmith. The 1870 census listed Belle, b. 1867, and George, b. 1869, but it is possible these children died young, since it was remembered that

Sanford Noah and Emily (Williams) Gosnell with Sarah Alice Stevens between. In front L. to R. John Rial, Ida Ruth Robins, Eugene, and Eva Anna Hendricks

Mate had no children. He had a son, Elery, and it is believed they adopted a boy named John while living at Goshen. By 1924, Mate was dead and Edmon lived At Glenrose, TX. (5) Thomas Jefferson Williams, b. 5 Jun 1856, m. Chitessa (or Milissa?) Dutton. Children believed to be: Abrm T., 1879; Hattie Mae, 1880, who m. Henry Miles "Bud" Boatright; Albert; John; and twins Beulah and Tula Williams. (6) Matilda Jane Williams, b. 9 Mar 1858, d. 13 June 1875. (7) John Warren Williams, b. 29 Dec. 1859, at Goshen, m. 13 Sep 1885 Julia L. Ferguson, daughter of Robert L. and Margaret (Chance) Ferguson. First three children born at Goshen, then they moved to eastern Texas where five more were born: Elbert Floyd, b. 13 Oct 1886, and in 1925 lived Corsicana, TX; Verden Earl, b. 14 Mar 1888; Noel Thurman, b. and d. 1890; Osie Marjorie, b. 6 Apr 1891, Troy, TX, m. Elbert E. Yount; Dorothy Eloise, b. 8 Aug 1896, Troy, TX, m. Justin L. Wiley; Robert Lloyd, b. 27, Nov 1900, Corsicana, TX; Ruth Wilma, b. 24 Dec 1902, Barry, TX; and Eula Mae, b. 1908, d. 1909, Wellington, TX. In 1924, J.W. Williams lived Steamboat Springs, CO. (8) Sterling Price Williams, b. 5 Feb 1862, the year before his fiather died in the Civil War. On 6 Sept 1902, he m. Mintie L. White. Their only child, Lloyd, was born and died 1907. Price was said to be a teacher at Goshen, a State Representative, and ran a hotel a block from the Washington County Courthouse. He d. 18 Mar 1928 and was buried beside his son at Goshen.

VIII. William V. Sherrod was born 8 Apr 1828, TN, and is thought to have married Mary "Polly" Phillips, daughter of James Phillips. William had children, since their grandfather specified $20 to each of them in his will, but they were not named, and are not presently known. William was deceased at the time his father wrote his will in 1879, but it is not known if he died in the Civil War.

Bottom row, L. to R. - John Warren Williams, Ruth, Julie L. (Ferguson) Williams and Robert Lloyd. Top row L. to R., Verdon Earl, Osie Marjorie, Elbert Floyd and Dorothy Eloise.

IX. Nancy Sherrod was b. 29 Jan 1830, TN, and m. John Alexander Neill in Washington County, AR on 28 Mar 1852. According to his biography on page 995 in GOODSPEEED, he was b. 14 Sept 1827 in Morgan Country, IL, son of Alexander and Martha "Patsy" (Wilson) Neill, both natives of Logan County, KY, who moved to Arkansas in 1832. The elder Neills had ten children, of whom six sons vowed not to shave until reunited, as they left for Civil War service. five fo the six died in the war (three at Pea Ridge), and John, the oldest and only survivor, never shaved the rest of his live. John and Nancy spent a few years in Texas, but lived most of their married lives in the Goshen area. When Nancy's father, Will Sherrod, wrote his will in 1879, his youngest son was still living, but he named John A. Neill his executor, since John was a widely respected local Justice of the Peace. John died 1904 and Nancy d. 13 Apr 1911. Their granddaughter, Ruth (Mayes) Flanagan, supplied much of the information about this family, as well as on the Sherrods. Children of John and Nancy Neill were (1) Electa Parmelia Neill, b. 17 Mar 1854 at Goshen. She was known affectionately as "Aunt Sis", was blind, and never married. Following her parents' death, she lived with her brother George. She died 1918 , age 63, and was buried at Goshen. (2) George Neill, b. 19 Jan 1856, m. Louise "Lu" Mayfield. George bought out his brothers' and sisters' interest in the estate of the parents. He d. 21 Jul 1949, age 93. Some of their ten children: Cora, who m. Fred Klein; Pearl, who m. Elmer Clark; Nannie,

who m. Harvey Sweeny; Lela, who m. Mr. Gregg; John Neill and Hearty Neill. (3) William Alexander "Alex" Neill, b. 11 Mar 1857 (or 8), at Weatherford, TX, m. Liza Jane "Sis" Mayes. She was b. 12 May 1863, daughter of William H. (called "Black Bill" since he was part Indian), son of Edward Mayes and Mahala Jennie Jones, and Louisa (Joyce) Mayes, both b. TN and came to AR in 1858. Liza d. 23 Feb 1938 and Alex on 7 May 1954, age 97. Their children: Everett, Curtis Melvin and Lee Neill. Lee's widow, Louella (Jenkins) Neill, died at Springdale, AR 11 Nov 1978 at 103½ years of age, mother of Milburn, Dean, and J.D. Neill, and Myrtle, whose husband Hugh Sherry was mayor of Springdale 1954-1960. (4) Thomas J. Neill, b. 23 Jun 1860, TX. A gourd he had for a rattle in TX was brought with them when they moved to AR and became a family keepsake, used by his sister Lottie for darning socks. He m. in AR Fanner A. Clark, b. 1867, daughter of John J. "Red" and Nancy (Frost) Clark. Tom d. 1895 and his wife in 1942. They had Richard Verdon and Grace Nina Neill. (5) John F. Neill, b. 11 Feb 1863, d. 22 Feb 1863, so the father never saw this baby, as he was away in the war. (6) and (7) twins, b. 5 May 1868 at Goshen—Martha Lee "Mattie" and Stonewall Jackson "Rip" Neill. Mattie m. George F. Campbell and had Arnold, John who m. Jewel Burnett, Vince who m. Ray Eubanks, and Lottie who m. Earl Eubanks. Rip m. Lydia Kelley. (8) Charolotte Jane "Lottie" Neill, b. 21 Apr 1870 at Goshen, m. Robert J. Mayes, b. 29 Apr 1856, TN, brother of Liza. His biography and one on his father William are on page 988 in GOODSPEED. Robert, who ran a mill at Goshen, was previously m. to Patience L McNelly, and they had Robert Edward and Walter Marvin Mayes. Robert and Lottie had: Edna Ruth, b. 1904, who m. Joe Flanagan; Walter Neill Mayes, b. 1905, who m. Annis Vanzant; and Randall Joyce Mayes, b. 1906, who m. Lora Bogard.

X. Alva E. Sherrod was b. 16 Jan 1832, TN. On the 1850 census of Richland Township, Washington County, AR, he is listed as Alvy, still at home with his parents, but was not found on the 1860 census. It is not known if he moved away or died, but he was apparently not living in 1879 when his father wrote his will, nor does it mention any children by him.

XI. John F. Sherrod (possibly John Frederick for his mothers' father), was b. 1 Jul 1833 in AR. On 11 Sep 1856 he married Frances Jane "Frankie" Ford in Washington County, AR. Papers in Washington County, AR probate box 49, say John died 28 Jul 1862 (probably in Civil War), leaving wife and two minor Children: (1) Molana, age 9, so b. 1853, and (2) Lamarilus Sherrod, age 5, so b. 1857. Frances m. 2nd Jasper N. Robinson 26 Dec 1867. (Rev. Sherrod had "Roberts" on his will.)

XII. Arthur Wesley Sherrod was b. 8 Oct 1835, AR, and was the only son living when his father wrote his will. In 1873 he received $448 for a Civil War pension, so served in the war. On 13 Sept 1860, in Washington County, AR, he m. Amanda A. Cannon. From the 1880 census, Richland Township, Washington County, AR, these children are listed: (1) N. Jane Sherrod, b. 1867. (2) George W. Sherrod, b. 1871. (3) Armenta Sherrod, b. 1874. (4) William Sherrod, b. 1880. (There may be others, but the 1890 census was destroyed, so unavailable for reference.)

Sherrod Addendum: (not knowing how this gathered data fits into the family tree, the compiler is including these facts in the hope that someone seeing them can tell us to which family they belong.)

Item 1: Washington County, AR Probate Box 93 gives evidence that some of Will Sherrod's grandchildren were paid $20 each.

14 Aug 1883 $7.80 paid to I. G. Turnstill (court costs??)
1 Jan 1884 $20 paid to Chatherine I. Sherrod
1 Jan 1884 $20 paid to Ollie Corrum
1 Jan 1884 $20 paid to W. M. Sherrod
1 Jan 1884 $20 paid to Rebecca Coppin
25 Feb 1884 $20 paid to Marion Hill; Sarah M.
26 Feb 1884 $20 paid to Jasper N. Robinson; Frances J. (John F.'s)
27 Feb 1884 $20 paid to Samuel Sherrod

Item 2: Washington County, Ar Probate Box 53 had a paper dated 4 Dec 1890 which says: "Administrator of Will Sherrod's estate has $94 on hand: $31 belongs to each of Ellizabeth Sherrod, William Lafayette Sherrod and Mary Sherrod. out of state and unheard of a number of years. $31 for Elizabeth paid to Berry V. Sherrod, in trust; $31 each for W. L. and Mary Sherrod paid to James Allen Sherrod, in trust." another paper dated 11 Sep 1893 states, "Elizabeth Ragsdale (nee Sherrod), having been out of state a number of years, has been paid $31 plus 6% interest."

Item 3: The 1880 Prairie Township, Madison Couny, AR household #82, lists Garland W. Sherrod, age 1, as adopted son of Robert L. and Mary M. Johnson. Garland was born 3 Dec 1878, AR. His obituary on 12 & 14, Jan 1935 failed to give his parents' names, but said, "His mother died when he was nine days old, and he was reared to manhood by an aunt and uncle in Madison County, Mr. & Mrs. Bud Johnson, now both deceased. He lived for a time in TX and CA but had returned to AR about 1930. He had made his home the previous year with Jim Phillips." Apparently unmarried, he was buried Buckeye Cemetery.

Item 4: Apparently four Sherrod brothers (possibly orphaned sons of Willim V. Sherrod, since no wife's name is listed in Will Sherrod's will) are listed on the 1870 Richland Township, Washington County, AR census with family #91—William and Mary Caldwell, ages 41 and 40, both b. TN. The Caldwell children were: A.M., 17; C.A., 15; Mary, 13; Nancy, 11; J.R., 9; G.W., 6; and F.G., 4. The Sherrod boys also living there were J.A., 17 (b. 1853); J.W., 15; W.L., 14; and S.C., 12; no doubt war orphans. (W.L. could be the one in Item 2, and S.C. could be Samuel in Item 1). The 1880 Prairie Township, Madison County, AR Census, family #116, lists Allen Sherrod, b. 1853, AR and wife Sarepta (Southerland), b. 1854, GA, with no children, but Francis Caldwell, age 14, listed as "brother" (actually step-brother). It appears that James Allen, Allen, and Allen J. Sherrod are the same person. The 1900 Hindsville, AR census lists the Fred Williams family (grandson of VII. Charlotte Sherrod) and with them was widower Allen J. Sherrod, b. 1853, AR, with Mary L. Sherrod, 14, whose father was b. AR and mother b. GA (Allen's daughter). Listed

with the Samuel and Mary Vaughn family at Hindsville was Cener F. Sherrod, 18 (whose mother was b. GA), as was the mother of these children listed with James R. and Louise J. Sutherland at Hindsville, listed as their grandchildren: Henry L. Sherrod, 16; Alice Sherrod, 12; and James Sherrod, 9. James Allen Sherrod's obituary in Feb 1927 said he was born in the Goshen area 29 Apr 1853 and was first married to a Miss Henderson who died, before marrying Sarepta, the mother of his children. At age 55, on 23 Dec 1908 he married Miss Betty Jane Henshaw of Elm Springs. They lived the rest of their years west of there at Sawyer. She d. 2 Sept 1924 and he on 19 Feb 1927, and both are buried at White Oak Cemetery at the U. of A. beef cattle farm. He was survived by three sons and one daughter.

NOTE OF THANKS

The Gehring Chapel Cemetery Association was officially reorganized on September 16, 1984 in a meeting held at Central Christian Church in Fayetteville.

The Association wishes to thank Keith and Jean Newhouse and FLASHBACK magazine for including our story in the last mailing. The article brought in contributions of $163, and we thank each person who donated.

The article also contributed to an increase of interested people at our meeting and were thus able to elect the following to a Board of Trustees: Virgil Harmon, Harold Henson, David Henson, Bill Plumlee, Bob Plumlee, John R. Dockery, and Frances Dockery. Officers elected from this board are: President, David Henson; Vice President, Bill Plumlee; Co-Secretary and Treasurer, John R. and Frances L. Dockery.

David and Harold Henson are descendants of Mr. David Bridenthal, an early-day educator of Washington County who operated Clear Creek Academy. Mr. and Mrs. Bridenthal are buried in Gehring Chapel. Ancestors of Bill and Bob Plumlee include: Samuel Gregg, the Revolutionary War soldier who rests in Gehring Chapel, and Hosea and Richard W. Cardwell. The Cardwells were some of the eariest settlers in the county and several of this family are also buried in this cemetery.

We now have about $1,900 toward a trust fund. However, we need legal fees and, of course, mowing expenses will be needed each year until we reach our needed goal of $4,500. Even after the goal is reached, it will be a year or more before it will yield enough interest to pay our yearly expenses. We will appeciate any further help that our readers may be willing to send. Your gift is tax deductible. Make checks payable to: Gehring Chapel Cemetery Association, and mail to Frances L. Dockery, Route 6, Box 180, Fayetteville, AR 72701.

TERRITORIAL PAPERS

(from The Territory of Arkansas 1819—1825)
researched by Lois Miller

Justices of the Peace - Lovely County

John Moore	commissioned 1827 Oct. 15, Nicks Township
Robert S. Gibson	commissioned 1827 Oct. 15, Nicks Township
Benjamin Weaver	commissioned 1827 Oct. 15, Nicks Township
Henry Mahon	commissioned 21st March 1828 Hope Township

Clerks, Sheriffs, Coroners - Lovely County

John Dillard	commissioned 1827, Dec. 1 Clerk
Thos. Moore	commissioned 1827, Oct. 31 Sheriff
Henry Mahon	commissioned 1828, March 26 Coroner

Magistrates - Washington County

Royal William	commissioned 1828, 20th Oct.
Lewis Weddington	commissioned 1828, 20th Oct.
Larkin Newton	commissioned 1828, 20th Oct.
John Wilson	commissioned 21st June, 1829 Prairie Township
William B. Woods	commissioned 1st May, 1829 Canehill Township
Samuel Alexander	commissioned 1st May, 1829 Canehill Township
Robert McCamy	commissioned 2nd July, 1829 Richland Township
Jacob Chandler	commissioned 27th July, 1829 Vinyard Township
Levi Lea	commissioned 27th July, 1829 Illinois Township

1829 Nov. 20 - William L. Waddington, Jacob Chandler
April 11th, 1830 John C. Blair

Nov. 20th, 1829	William B. Woody, Henry Careton, William Estes, Henry Tollett, John Wilson Sr., Henry Mahon, Isaac Marrs, Robert McAmy (sic), George E. Webber, Riol Williams, Leavi (sic) Lea, Willis McCaim, Johnathan Allen
Sept. 9th, 1830	Bryan H. Smithers vice Isaac Marrs
March 3rd, 1831	James C. Collins, John Wilson
October 27th, 1835	Jacob Chandler, John G. Stowe, Thos. Shannon, Jonathan Newman, Jno. T. Edmiston, Jno. D. Moore, Jno. B. Walker, Benj. B. Estill, Booker Smith, P. V. Rhea, Jno. Cole, Henry Carington, Jno. Bell, Wm. P. Clary, Eli Midglin, Jno. C. Blair, Jno. E. Davidson, Jas. Cowen, Wm. Offield, Wm. Ruddick, Daniel Vaughan, Wm. Henderson, M. Perryman, Jas. G. Stevenson, Ewing P. Craig, Jno. Austin, Rial Williams, G. W. Sanders, Isaac Crow, H. B. Brown, Jno. Bowen, Michael Robinson, Jno. C. Sumner, Wm. K. Kerns, R. H. Harison, A. H. Hilburn, Benj. G.

	Garrein, B. H. Smithson, Jno. West, Onesmos Evans, J. M. Hoge, Peter Menkins Sr. (sic), Wm. B. Woody, Jno. McLaughlin.	
Feb. 3rd	Alex H. McKisick vice G. W. Sanders	
May 11th, 1836	T. M. Prince vice T. Shanan	
October 17th, 1836	T. M. Prince Resigned	

Sheriffs - Washington County

Lewis Evans,	commissioned 1828, 24th Oct., commission lost
Lewis Evans,	commissioned 1829, com. renewed

County Officers - Washington County

February 9th, 1830	Robert McCamy	Judge of the county court
	Bryan H. Smithson	Clerk of the circuit court
	Lewis Evans	Sheriff
	James Marrs	Coroner
	Young Caruthers	County Surveyor
September 29th, 1831	John Wilson	Judge of the county court vice Robt. McAmy resigd.
January 30th, 1832	Bryan H. Smithson	Clerk of the circuit court
	Lewis Evans	Sheriff
	James Coulter	Coroner
	S. B. Tully	Notary Public
	John T. Edmonston	County Surveyor
August 19th, 1833	Bryan H. Smithson	Clerk of the circuit court
	Lewis Evans	Sheriff
	James Crawford	Coroner
	John McClellan	County Surveyour
January 4th, 1834	Joseph M. Hoge	Judge of the county court
August 6th, 1835	Bryan H. Smithson	Clerk of the circuit court
	Lewis Evans	Sheriff
	James Crawford	Coroner
	John McClellan	County Surveyor
January 11th, 1836	William B. Wooddy	County Judge
	Bryan H. Smithson	Clerk circuit court
	Lewis Evans	Sheriff
	Wyatt W. Hester	Coroner
	John McClellan	County Surveyor

Loretta Hilbert, 707 South Perdue, Claremore, OK 74017 has in her possession a picture of Bell HARP CAUDLE and one of her and her husband, Sion. Bell's mother, she believes, is Annie Head Harp, sister to Memeva Head CAVINS, who is Mrs. Hilbert's husband's great-great-grandmother. If a Caudle descendant would like to have this picture, please get in touch with Mrs. Hilbert.

QUERIES

Pat Kelley, 1036 Bel Aire Court, Fircrest, WA 98466 is researching the Kelley family of Arkansas and would appreciate any help and information on the following people: William KELLEY (b. Dec. 23, 1901 in Virginia), James F. Kelley (married Elizabeth Adkins), Mary Ann Kelley (married Jacob Bradshaw), John R. Kelley (b. June 1, 1834 in Arkansas, married Cyrena CHANDLER), Margaret C. Kelley (married John W. PARKER), Louis Kelley, Rachel Kelley, Joseph Kelley, Elizabeth Kelley, Tabitha Kelley, William Kelley (b. about 1855 in Arkansas), Alace Kelley, Cerepta Kelley, Sarah Emeline Kelley (married Loren Philemon GUTHERIE), Susan C. Kelley (married Geroge W. MILLS), James William Kelley (married Sarah A. Gutherie), Joseph Henry Kelley (married Uzella SIKES), W. T.Sherman Kelley (married Lydia M. RAMEY), David O. Kelley (married Mary Jane HUGHES), Jeremiah Thomas Kelley (married Nancy Ann KEYS), Nora N. Kelley (married Layfayette BRASHEARS), Viola E. Kelley (married Andrew COMBS), Lincoln Everett Kelley (married Pearl LEHN). If anyone has any information about these Kelleys or their spouses I would appreciate hearing from them. If anyone wishes information about the descendants of Lewis Franklin Kelley, who left Arkansas and went to California, I will be happy to share this information.

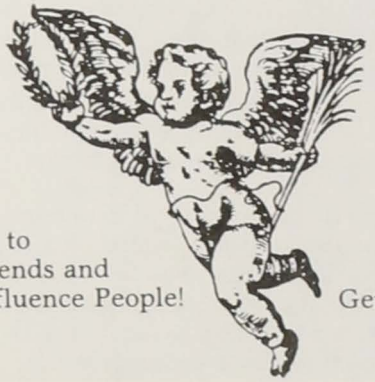
Maxine Holt, 205 Davis Street, Tallulah, LA 71282 seeks information on Elizabeth POGUE HOLT, Sally Pogue COLLINS, Winna Pogue WILLIAMS, John Pogue, and Thomas Pogue. All are early settlers of Washington County and are listed on the 1850 Washington County Census. Would like to share information with other readers who are researching the Pogue family.

Cynthia Georgen Paine, P. O. Box 213, Rock Springs, Wyoming 82902 is seeking information on the following Washington County pioneer families: Peter P. and Lavina COX PYEATT and children; Coleman and Mary BUCHANAN COX and children. All above from Crystal Hill area. Also interested in EDMISTON, FINLEY and YOUNG connections to Pyeatt/Cox families.

Shirley Baldwin, 1117 South Quincy, Tulsa, OK 74120 is researching John BOSWELL, born 1833 in Newton County, Indiana, and his wife Lodemae COLCLASURE, born 1834 in Clay County, Illinois. They are listed on the Washington County, Arkansas Census in 1860. They moved with her mother (Margaret McELYEA) Colclasure, born 1800? in New York, and her twin brother, Jacob Colclasure. They lived in Richland

Township, near Elkins. John and Lodemae moved to Barry County, MO, but Margaret and Jacob Colclasure remained in Washington County. Jacob was married to Lucinda and had many children. At this point, I am trying to find out what foreign country the Colclasures lived in before coming to the United States. Would welcome correspondence and share information with anyone working on these lines.

David T. Buton, 613 South Commerce, Russellville, AR 72801 seeks information concerning James and William (Bill) SHEPHERD, sons of Uriah Shepherd of Kentucky and Jackson Counties, Alabama. James and William are listed on the 1829 Sheriff's Census and 1830 Territorial Census of Washington County. They settled in what is now the northeast corner of Crawford County (Bidville) and are listed in census records there, starting in 1840. James, b. ca 1805, VA, married Hannah — b. ca 1808 TN. Their children were: William H. Shepherd, b. ca 1827, AL, m. Mary MOONEY: Uriah, b. 1830, AR; Gabriel, b. 1832; Susan, b. 1834; and Catherine, b. 1840. William, b. 1807 AL, was a Methodist missionary and farmer. He married Sarah J. (Sallie) PETERS, b. 1810 TN, probably in Washington county about 1830. Their children were: Elizabeth, b. 1830, m. H. C. RANKIN: James A., 1832-1859, m. Keziah CONLEY: Matilda Ann, 1834-1898, m. Joseph LAWRENCE: Catherine, 1836-1857, m. Barnett Conley; Henry, b. 1839; Susannah, 1840-1863, m. William LALE; Thomas, 1842-1913, m. Rhoda Elvira BRUTON; Silas, b. 1844, m. Martha EVANS; Mary, b. 1847, m. James MULLEN; Nancy, 1860-1929, m. William PARKER; William Preston, 1851-1911, m. Martha RUSH and Susan Mullen; Wesley Uriah, 1855-1907, m. Eliza Jane HARRISON. A brother and sister of James and William also settled near them in the 1840s—Mary (Polly) Shepherd, b. 1809 MA, wife of Isham WRIGHT, and John Shepherd, b. 1814 AL, m. Mariah Wright.



SO! You want to
Win Friends and
Influence People!

Get your story told
in FLASHBACK

CANE HILL'S UNIQUE RESOURCE

by Wallace Phillips, Soil Scientist
U.S. Soil Conserviation Service

The historic community of Cane Hill undoubtedly owes its existence, at least in part, to a unique upland soil found almost exclusively in Washington County. While other early settlers picked broad valleys, the settlers at Cane Hill picked this unusual hill land near a small creek. The earliest settlers were moving from a bottomland settlement (near Little Rock) where the soil was fertile, but they had been troubled by floods and the mosquito carried malarial chills.

For many generations before the white settlers came, Indians had found this area a desirable place to live and visit. Many arrowheads and other artifacts found in the area give evidence of their long settlement near the springs. Later the displaced Cherokees had lived here for several years before their subsequent removal to Oklahoma.

This area around Cane Hill had attractive natural resources of many cold, clear springs, good soil and quality hardwood timber. The springs would furnish building materials and easy-to-split fence rails. Wildlife game was plentiful in the area.

When cleared, the soil proved to be productive. This soil is the Fayetteville soil series, but was formerly known locally as the Cane Hill soil. The largest single area of this unique soil occurs in this location. The Fayetteville soil has high natural fertility with an easy-to-cultivate dark brown, sandy loam surface layer over a dark red, well-drained sandy clay subsoil.

The springs in the area and the good soil are both related to the surface geological formation in the area--the Hale. The dark brown sandstone of Hale formation weathers to the Fayetteville soil. The sandstones are also porous, making a good aquifier which absorbs the rainwater and releases it slowly during the year as springs near its base.

Because of its productivity and ease of cultivation, this soil was extensively cultivated on slopes up to 20 per cent. The soil is erosive, and after more than 200 years of cropping, many fields showed the toil of erosion. Yields declined as the result of loss of many tons per acre of fertile topsoil. Deep gullies were common on steeper slopes. During the 1940s and early 1950s, many fields and orchards were terraced to help control the erosion.

The area's shift to livestock agriculture has left most of the formerly cultivated fields now clothed in lush permanent pasture and hayland greened by liberal applications of chicken litter of commercial fertilizer.

Probably it is no coincidence that another of the county's towns, which has since grown much larger, was originally settled on a smaller tract of this same soil. This town eventually gave its name back to Fayetteville soil.

In 1941 the Washington County Soil Conservation District was formed. In a few months this would lead to a long association with Thomas "Pete" Lee, one of Washington County's conservation pioneers.

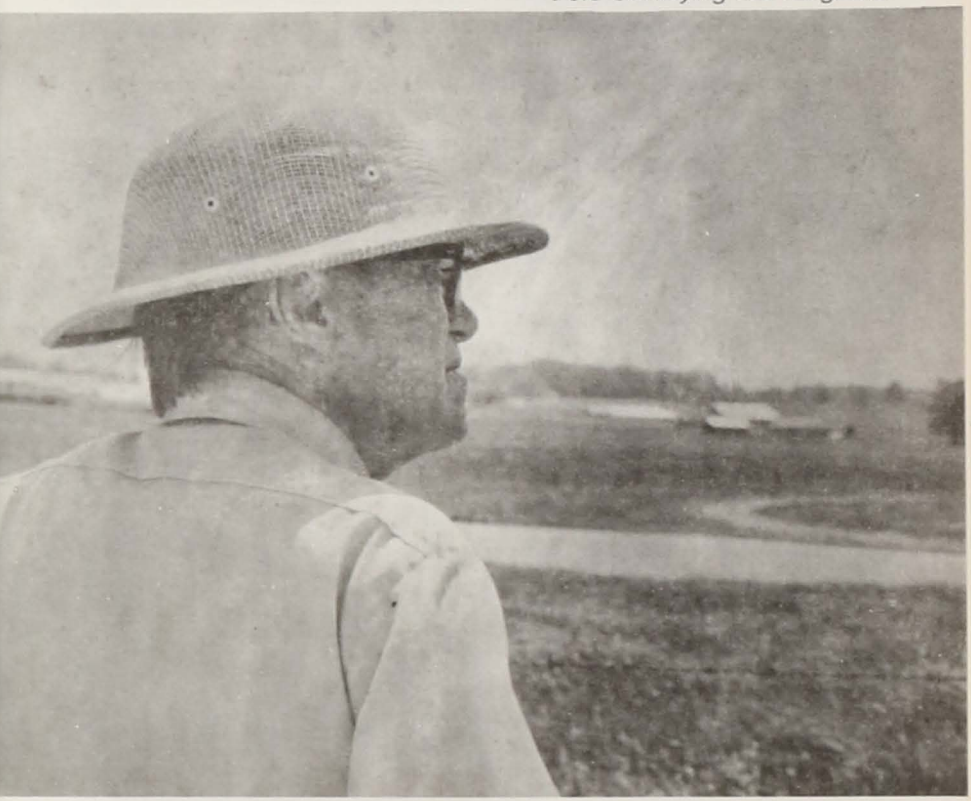
Seven years before Washington County officially joined the fight, the nation had officially declared war on soil erosion. Fifty years ago in the drought-stricken Dust Bowl days of the depression year of 1934, the Soil Conservation Service's predecessor, the Soil Erosion was organized.

Lee, who has been "retired" from the Soil Conservation Service for almost 20 years, is also locally wellknown as a cattleman. He devotes a large part of his time to his well-improved working farm west of Farmington, where he raises crossbred beef cattle. There he practices the good pasture management and soil and water conservation practices that he promoted for over 30 years as a soil conservationist with the SCS, almost all in Washington County.

Pete recalls that soil erosion was a very serious problem when he originally came to Washington County. Most farms were general farms, usually having a few acres of truck crops, especially tomatoes and strawberries, in addition to larger acreages of cultivated row crops such as corn and small grains. There was also a large acreage of orchards and vineyards, although apple orchard acreage had declined from its peak.

The truck crops, row crops, and orchards and vineyards left the soil bare for long periods, allowing erosion to eat away at the soil. Yields had

Pete Surveying His Kingdom



dropped in many eroded fields.

There were also other conservation needs. Pastures were generally unimproved and seldom fertilized. There was often a shortage of livestock water. Many woodlands were periodically burned, and open range grazing was practiced in outlying areas. Stream water was often muddy because of erosion from the cultivated hillside.

Pete Lee was already well-qualified as an agriculturist, both by experience and education, when he began work with Washington County farmers in 1941 as a soil conservationist. He had grown up on the family farm in Alabama that produced peanuts, cotton, corn and cattle. His father, who was a county official, turned operation of the family farm completely over to him when Pete was 15 years old.

Later, Pete graduated with a degree in agriculture in 1925 from Auburn, a leading southern agricultural college. He returned to the farm for two more years, then spent five years as a county agent in Bibb County Alabama before returning to school for two years of graduate work at Cornell in farm management and rural education.

Pete's next job with the Rural Rehabilitation Service would eventually lead him to Northwest Arkansas. His territory of four southern states included Arkansas and in the fall of 1940 he came to Washington County as project manager for Lake Wedington and also Lake Leatherwood projects near Eureka Springs.

At Lake Wedington, WPA laborers and the CCC had been used to carry out conservation work such as planting eroding cropland to pine and establishing improved pasture along with construction of Lake Wedington and its nearby facilities. This project was later administered by the Soil Conservation Service, somewhat like a large demonstration farm, until its transfer to the Forest Service.

After a year as project manager, Pete transferred to the Soil Conservation Service in 1941, working with the newly formed Washington County Soil Conservation District. The district had been formed earlier that year as a local unit of government to provide technical help to farmers for soil conservation. Lee and his fellow workers began to work with farmers to slow erosion losses. They held community public meetings for farmers and would then follow up by making conservation plans for the individual farmers. They also provided the technical help to install terrace systems and other erosion control measures.

At the same time, they began an ambitious long-range plan to improve county pastures. A key part, initially, was to provide livestock water and establish permanent pastures. Lee was an early proponent of stretching the grazing season by using a combination of cool season and warm season pasture grasses. By the late fifties, most of the cropland in the county was converted to pasture, a trend which continued. Development of the area's large-scale poultry industry, mostly beginning in the fifties, furnished a large source of relatively inexpensive fertilizer for pasture. This has been a factor in making Washington County the state's leading county in cattle production.

THE LITTLE FAMILY

by Clara Risley

James Little and His Second Wife, Elizabeth Franklin Little

FIRST GENERATION

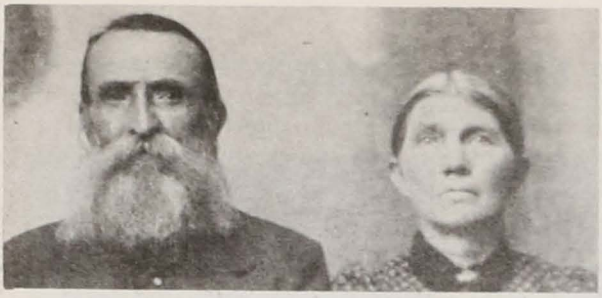
James Little was born in Georgia in 1801. When a young man he emigrated to Clark County, Arkansas and there married Nancy Gentry, a native of Nashville Tennessee. She was born in 1802 and came with her parents to Clark County. After their marriage, James and Nancy moved in 1828 to Washington County and engaged in farming and stock raising. He was left a widower in 1840, with four sons and three daughters. Their children were (1) John Little, (2) Martha Caroline Little Babb, (3) Malinda Catherine Little, (4) James Little, (5) William Little, (6) Nancy Angaline Little, (7) Samuel Rector Little.

James then married Elizabeth Franklin, who bore him two sons: Mason Little and Ambrose H. Seluse Little.

James was Democrat and in religion was a Primitive Baptist, as was his first wife. His death occurred in 1845 on September 22. At that time, the men of the community would haul their apples to the South to sell, being gone from home for weeks. On one of these trips James Little took sick, died, and was buried by the roadside, place unknown. He was mourned by friends and acquaintances, and was one of the first settlers of what was known as Price Township in Washington County, at Summers.

James' first wife, Nancy Gentry, was a full blood Cherokee Indian. (Author's Note: I would very much like to find a picture of Nancy Gentry and her parents, and of James' parents, if any such picture exists.)

James married Elizabeth Franklin in 1842. She was born December 27, 1824 in Tennessee, and died March 14, 1890, being buried in Ganderville Cemetery at Summers, Arkansas.



amuel R. Little w/2nd wife, Nancy Elizabeth Dunlap

Samuel R. Little w/1st wife, Judy Ann Robertson

Top Row, L. to R. Netta, Rector, children of Ambros Longwith (2nd wife), Lizzie,

SECOND GENERATION

Samuel Rector Little was the seventh child of James and Nancy Little, born February 26, 1836 in Washington County. At age 25 he enlisted in the Confederate army at Van Buren, Arkansas, and was twice taken prisoner and twice exchanged. The first time he was captured at Camp Riley July 3, 1862 and exchanged September 17, 1862. He served in Shannon's Co., Adair Regt., Stand Watie's brigade. On February 8, 1859 he married Judy Ann Robertson who was born in 1832 and died May 24, 1868.

After her death, Samuel Rector Little took his son, Ambrose H. Little to Oregon on a wagon train with group of old settlers from Summers, Arkansas, the train leaving from Coffeyville, Kansas. Two younger children, Mary Elizabeth Little, and James Rector Little, were left with Judy Ann's sister, Elizabeth Roberts Elms. (James Elms and Elizabeth Evaline Robertson were married in 1851, the Robertsons having moved from White County, Tennessee shortly before that.)

(Author's Note: I would like pictures or information on the Robertsons and the Elms.)

The trip to Oregon was a long and dangerous journey and enough food, clothing and other supplies had to be carried on the wagons to last the six months. They left in early Spring when grass was beginning to grow, which lessened the amount of mule and horse feed to be carried. It was said they traveled in the best movie wagon train style, driving the wagons into a circle at night, with the tongues toward the center. Inside the circle, fires were built, meals cooked and bedrolls spread out. Nothing would have suited some of the "wild" Indians better than to have stolen the mules and wagons

Etta, Clell and Wm. *Ambrose H. Little & 1st wife, Geneva Kirk Little*
Geneva Kirk Little. Second Row, L. to R. Maggie
ne, Elcy, Ambrose H. and John Little (1905 Photo)

and killed the travelers. In addition to Indians, sickness was possibly the most dreaded risk on the Oregon trail. Many persons died and were buried beside the trail, as doctors were a rarity on wagon trains. Usually a wooden board with the name of the deceased carved on it with a skinning knife was their marker.

On April 3, 1873, Samuel Rector Little married Nancy Elizabeth Dunlap in Washington County. She was born February 11, 1855 and was the daughter of A. S. Dunlap and wife Peachy Gentry of Texas. Their children were: (1) Hugh F. Little, m. Dora Douthet, Westville, OK; (2) Hollis Little, m. Nannie Elmer, Summers, AR; (3) Dora May Little, m. Emmett Flynn, Summers, AR; (4) Mattie Ellen Little, m. Taylor Stoutt, Dutch Mills, AR; (5) Nancy Angeline Little, Summers, AR; (6) Kate Lee Little, Summers, AR; (7) Mary Myrtle, Samuel R., Claude E., and Elmer C., all Summers, AR. (It is unclear whether these last four children were quadruplets, died in infancy, or what.) Nancy Little died June 3, 1936. Samuel Rector Little died June 19, 1908.

(Author's Note: If anyone has pictures or information on the above families, I should like to hear about it. Clara Risley, Route 1, Box 177A, Lincoln, AR 72744)

Ambrose H. Little, b. December 18, 1859, d. June 10, 1909. On November 19, 1881 he married Geneva Kirk, b. December 4, 1861, d. March 21, 1904. Their children were: Netta, Mary Etta, Clell and William Rector.

He married, second. Maggie Longwith on March 26, 1905. She was b. December 21, 1868 and d. March 10, 1964. Their children were: Lizzie, Evoline, Eley and John.

ACCEPTING THE LARAMIE POSTOFFICE

Office of Daily Boomerang, Laramie City, Wy., Aug. 9, 1882

From Bill Nye's Remarks published 1891

Back in February when your editors first introduced you to Bill Nye, mention was made of his famous acceptance letter when he was appointed Laramie (Wyoming) postmaster. As this was a political appointment, and as 1984 is surely a political year, we thought it only appropriate to publish this famous letter in our November issue no matter how the voters decided in our times. "To the President Elect" is also a politically motivated bit of humor which we need so much today. The two stories following the letters, along with the illustration, are the last of "Remarks of Bill Nye" we will publish. We hope you were entertained. — *Your Editors*

MY DEAR GENERAL. — I have received by telegraph the news of my nomination by the President and my confirmation by the Senate, as postmaster at Laramie, and wish to extend my thanks for the same.

I have ordered an entirely new set of boxes and postoffice outfit, including new corrugated cuspidors for the lady clerks.

I look upon the appointment, myself, as a great triumph of eternal truth over error and wrong. It is one of the epochs, I may say, in the Nation's onward march toward political purity and perfection. I do not know when I have noticed any stride in the affairs of state, which so thoroughly impressed me with its wisdom.

Now that we are co-workers in the same department, I trust that you will not feel shy or backward in consulting me at any time relative to matters concerning postoffice affairs. Be perfectly frank with me, and feel perfectly free to just bring anything of that kind right to me. Do not feel reluctant because I may at times appear haughty and indifferent, cold or reserved. Perhaps you do not think I know the difference between a general delivery window and a three-m quad, but that is a mistake.

My general information is far beyond my years.

With profoundest regard, and a hearty endorsement of the policy of the President and the Senate, whatever it may be,

I remain, sincerely yours,

GEN. FRANK HATTON, Washington D.C. BILL NYE, P.M.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE

I HAD A VERY THRILLING EXPERIENCE the other evening. I had just filled an engagement in a strange city, and retired to my cozy room at the hotel.

The thunders of applause had died away, and the opera house had been locked up to await the arrival of an Uncle Tom's Cabin Company. The last loiterer had returned to his home, and the lights in the palace of the pork packer were extinguished.

No sound was heard, save the low, tremulous swash of the sleet outside, or the death-rattle in the throat of the bath-tub. Then all was still as the bosom of a fried chicken when the spirit has departed.

The swallow-tail coat hung limp and weary in the wardrobe, and the gross receipts of the evening were under my pillow. I needed sleep, for I was worn out with travel and anxiety, but the fear of being robbed kept me from repose. I know how desperate a man becomes when he yearns for another's gold. I know how cupidity drives a wicked man to mangle his victim, that he may win precarious prosperity, and how he will often take a short cut to wealth by means of murder, when, if he would enter politics, he might accomplish his purpose as surely and much more safely.

Anon, however, tired nature succumbed. I know I succumbed, for the bell-boy afterward testified that he heard me do so.

The gentle warmth of the steam-heated room, and the comforting assurance of duty well done and the approval of friends, at last lulled me into a gentle repose.

Anyone who might have looked upon me, as I lay there in that innocent slumber, with the winsome mouth slightly ajar and the playful limbs cast wildly about, while a merry smile now and then flitted across the regular features, would have said that no heart could be so hard as to harbor ill for one so guileless and so simple.

I do not know what it was that caused me to wake. Some slight sound or other, no doubt, broke my slumber, and I opened my eyes wildly. The room was in semi-darkness.

Hark!

A slight movement in the corner, and the low, regular breathing of a human being! I was now wide awake. Possibly I could have opened my eyes wider, but not without spilling them out of their sockets.

Regularly came that soft, low breathing. Each time it seemed like a sigh of relief, but it did not relieve me. Evidently it was not done for that purpose. It sounded like a sigh of blessed relief, such as a woman might heave after she has returned from church and transferred herself from the embrace of her new Russia iron, black silk dress into a friendly wrapper.

Regularly, like the rise and fall of a wave on the summer sea, it rose and fell, while my pale lambrequin of hair rose and fell fitfully with it.

I know that people who read this will laugh at it, but there was nothing to laugh at. At first I feared that the sigh might be that of a woman who had entered the room through a transom in order to see me, as I lay wrapt in slumber, and then carry the picture away to gladden her whole life.

But no. That was hardly possible. It was cupidity that had driven some cruel villain to enter my apartments and to crouch in the gloom till the proper moment should come in which to spring upon me, throttle me, crowd a hotel pillow into each lung, and, while I did the Desdemona act, rob me of my hardearned wealth.

Regularly still rose the soft breathing, as though the robber might be trying to suppress it. I reached gently under the pillow, and securing the money I put it in the pocket of my *robe de nuit*. Then, with great care, I pulled out a

copy of Smith & Wesson's great work on "How to Ventilate the Human Form." I said to myself that I would sell my life as dearly as possible so that whoever bought it would always regret the trade.

Then I opened the volume at the first chapter and addressed a thirty-eight calibre remark in the direction of the breath in the corner.

When the echoes had died away a sigh of relief welled up from the dark corner. Also another sigh of relief later on.

I then decided to light the gas and fight it out. You have no doubt seen a man scratch a match on the leg of his pantaloons. Perhaps you have also seen an absent-minded man undertake to do so, forgetting that his pantaloons were hanging on a chair at the other end of the room.

However, I lit the gas with my left hand and kept my revolver pointed toward the dark corner where the breath was still rising and falling.

People who had heard my lecture came rushing in, hoping to find that I had suicided, but they found that, instead of humoring the public in that way, I had shot the valve off the steam radiator.

It is humiliating to write the foregoing myself, but I would rather do so than have the affair garbled by careless hands.

TO THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

EAR SIR — The painful duty of turning over to you the administration of these United States and the key to the front door of the White House has been assigned to me. You will find the key hanging inside the storm-door, and the cistern-pole up stairs in the haymow of the barn. I have made a great many suggestions to the outgoing administration relative to the transfer of the Indian bureau from the department of the Interior to that of the sweet by-and-by. The Indian, I may say, has been a great source of annoyance to me, several of their number having jumped one of my most valuable mining claims on White river. Still, I do not complain of that. This mine, however, I am convinced would be a good paying property if properly worked, and should you at any time wish to take the regular army and such other help as you may need and re-capture it from our red brothers, I would be glad to give you a controlling interest in it.

You will find all papers in their appropriate pigeon-holes, and a small jar of cucumber pickles down cellar, which were left over and to which you will be perfectly welcome. The asperities and heart burning that were the immediate result of a hot and unusually bitter campaign are now all buried. Take these pickles and use them as though they were your own. They are none too good for you. You deserve them. We may differ politically, but that need not interfere with our warm personal friendship.

You will observe on taking possession of the administration, that the navy is a little bit weather-beaten and wormy. I would suggest that it be newly painted in the spring. If it had been my good fortune to receive a majority of the suffrages of the people for the office which you now hold, I should have painted the navy red. Still, that need not influence you in the course which you may see fit to adopt.

There are many affairs of great moment which I have not enumerated in this brief letter, because I felt some little delicacy and timidity about appearing to be at all dictatorial or officious about a matter wherein the public might charge me with interference.

I hope you will receive the foregoing in a friendly spirit, and whatever your convictions may be upon great questions of national interest, either foreign or domestic, that you will not undertake to blow out the gas on retiring, and that you will in other ways realize the fond anticipations which are now cherished in your behalf by a mighty people whose aggregated eye is now on to you.

BILL NYE.

P.S.—You will be a little surprised, no doubt, to find no soap in the laundry or bathrooms. It probably got into the campaign in some way and was absorbed.

B.N.

LETTER TO A COMMUNIST

EAR SIR — YOUR courteous letter of the lst instant, in which you cordially consent to share my wealth and dwell together with me in fraternal sunshine, is duly received. While I dislike to appear cold and distant to one who seems so yearnful and so clinging, and while I do not wish to be regarded as purse-proud or arrogant, I must decline your kind offer to shacked up. You had not heard, very likely, that I am not now a Communist. I used to be, I admit, and the society no doubt neglected to srike my name off the roll of active members. For a number of years I was quite active as a Communist. I would have been more active, but I had conscientious scruples against being active in anything then.

While you may be perfectly sincere in your belief that the great capitalists like Mr. Gould and Mr. Vanderbilt should divide with you, you will have great difficulty in making it perfectly clear to them. They will probably demur and delay, and hem and haw, and procrastinate, till finally they will get out of it in some way. Still, I do not wish to throw cold water on your enterprise. If the other capitalists look favorably on the plan, I will cheerfully co-operate with them. You go and see what you can do with Mr. Vanderbilt, and then come to me.

You go on at some length to tell me how the most of the wealth is in the hands of a few men, and then you attack those men and refer to them in a way that makes my blood run cold. You tell the millionaires of America to beware, for the hot breath of a bloody-handed Nemesis is already in the air.

You may say to Nemesis, if you please, that I have a double-barreled shotgun standing at the head of my bed every night, and that I am in the Nemesis business. You also refer to the fact that the sleuth-hounds of eternal justice are camped on the trail of the pampered millionaire, and you ask us to avaunt. If you see the other sleuth-hounds of your society within a week or two, I wish you would say to them that at a regular meeting of the millionaires of this country, after the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and approved, we voted almost unanimously to discourage any

sleuth-hound that we found camped on our trail after ten o'clock, P.M. Sleuth-hounds who want to ramble over our trails during office hours may do so with the utmost impunity, but after ten o'clock we want to use our trails for other purposes. No man wants to go to the great expense of maintaining a trail winter and summer, and then leave it out nights for other people to use and return it when they get ready.

PRACTICAL COMMUNISM.

I do not censure you however. If you could convince every one of the utility of Communism, it would certainly be a great boon — to you. To those who are now engaged in feeding themselves with flat beer out of a tomato

can, such a change as you suggest would fall like a ray of sunshine in a rat-hole, but alas! it may never be. I tried it awhile, but my efforts were futile. The effect of my great struggle seemed to be that men's hearts grew more and more stony, and my pantaloons got thinner and thinner on the seat, 'til it seemed to me that the world never was so cold. Then I made some experiments in manual labor. As I began to work harder and sit down less, I found that the world was not so cold. It was only when I sat down a long time that I felt how cold and rough the world really was.

Perhaps it is so with you. Sedentary habits and stale beer are apt to make us morbid. Sitting on the stone door sills of hallways and public buildings during cold weather is apt to give you an erroneous impression of life.

Of course I am willing to put my money into a common fund if I can be convinced that it is best. I was an inside passenger on a Leadville coach some years ago, when a few of your friends suggested that we all put our money into a common fund, and I was almost the first one to see that they were right. They went away into the mountains to apportion the money they got from our party, but I never got any dividend. Probably they lost my post-office address.

OLD WIVES' TALES?

By Dorothy W. Wilson

These remedies and hints were taken out of an 1868 Justice of the Peace Book from New Albany, Indiana, in which clippings out of the FARM AND HOME Newspaper and handwritten remedies were kept by Mary Thomson (Biggar) Monroe, the great-great-grandmother of Dorothy (Ware) Wilson. No ~~G~~uarantees! Use at your own risk.

For the Garden

To drive insects from cucumbers, melons, or squash vines, sprinkle with finely ground black pepper while the dew is on the vines. An unfailing remedy to get rid of potato bugs is to sprinkle the vines every evening with water in which potatoes have been boiled. If not very bad, once or twice a week will do. To destroy cabbage worms, break off a bottom leaf and lay it over the head in the evening. The next morning you will find all the worms sticking to the lower side of the leaf, which you can throw into the pig pen. Repetition a few nights will destroy all pests.

Household Hints

In putting away silver that is not to be used for a considerable time, place it in a airtight case with a good-sized pice of camphor. It will keep bright for months. Damp salt will remove discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea or careless washing. A piece of tallow wrapped in tissue paper and laid among furs or woolens will prevent the ravages of moths. When out of machine oil, use kerosene and fresh lard, equal parts, well mixed, and it will answer the purpose. A few cloves on the pantry shelves will eventually drive away ants. Honey will not turn to candy if a teaspoon of cream of tartar, dissolved in water, is mixed with a gallon of honey when scalding hot. Care must be taken not to scorch the honey. Equal parts of ammonia and turpen-

tine will remove from clothing, no matter how hard and dry it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash it out with soapsuds. One of the simplest disinfectants of a sick room is ground coffee, burnt on a shovel so as to fill the atmosphere of the room with its pungent aromatic odor. To remove berry stains from hands, wash and wipe lightly, leaving some moisture. Strike a match and shut your hands around it so as to catch the sulphurous acid fumes, which take out the stains. A little saltpetre or carbonate of soda mixed with water in which flowers are placed will keep them fresh for many days. Mortar and paint may be removed from window glass with hot vinegar.

Prescriptions

For despondency, take a swallow of vinegar. Oil of cinnamon will cause the disappearance of warts. Quick relief from earache may be obtained by pouring vinegar on a hot brick, and with a funnel, conduct the steam into the ear. For inflammatory rheumatism, eat one or two raw lemons daily. Spinach and dandelions, when used as greens, are excellent for complaints of the kidneys. For sore eyes, make strong tea with elder blooms. Add a third sweet milk, and bathe the eyes with this mixture. For diarrhea, peel the inside bark of a sweet apple tree, downward, and drink the tea made from boiling it. Liniment for a sprain: white of one egg, one tablespoon each of vinegar and turpentine. Bathe sprain with it as soon as possible. When feet are swollen from walking or standing, the soreness will disappear immediately by soaking them in the following: cover some wood ashes with water and let stand two or three hours, strain off water and place feet in it. (Prepare ahead of time!) To remove a cinder safely from one eye, rub the other eye vigorously and soon the cinder will be gone from the irritated eye. The best remedy for burns is claimed to be essence of peppermint and whisky mixed. Wet cotton or soft cloth and apply. It stops the pain instantly and draws out the fire. Teeth can be got perfectly clean from tartar by rubbing them thoroughly with a soft cloth and a little prepared chalk, twice a day for a week. To stop the bleeding of a wound, set a mass of woolen rags on fire and hold the affected part over them in the smoke.

Animals

To stop a cow or steer from jumping over fences, nail a horseshoe on one forward foot. This prevents the hoof from spreading, and consequently renders the animal unable to spring. How to tell time by a cat's eye: At 12 o'clock the pupil is just a fine line like a hair. After that time it begins to grow wider. By noticing how wide it is at different hours of the day, you will soon learn to tell what time it is without looking at the clock. Springs of cedar scattered about the chicken house will relieve them of lice. Tar in the chicken trough is a preventative of disease. To cure warts on horses, mules or cows, dissolve ½ pound of alum in a quart of water. With a brush or cloth wet the warts twice each day for ten days. They will disappear. For Foot Evil on horses, mix one ounce gunpowder and one pint castor oil. Anoint affected part several times, and effect a cure within a few days. Immediately on discovering a case of founder in horses, mix a pint of whole sunflower seed in his feed, and it will effect a cure.

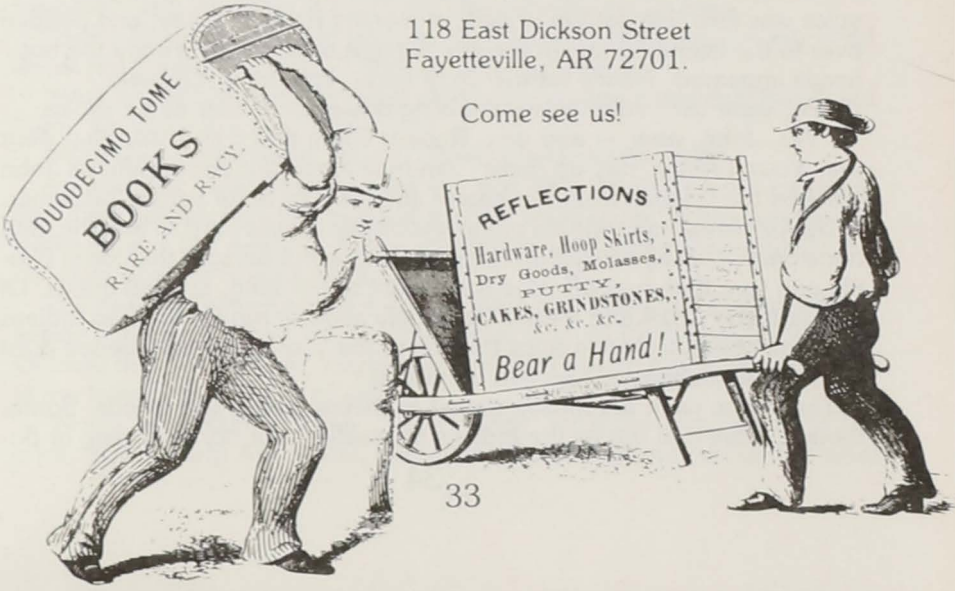
WE'RE MOVING!!
INTENSE EXCITEMENT!

By the time you receive this issue, the Washington County Historical Society will have moved from the Old County Jail back to Headquarters House. There are many good reasons for this, the main one being that even after four years of valiant attempts to restore the Old Jail to livability, there is far too much still to be done. It is beyond our capabilities—fiscal and physical. For the past two years we've had no heat and no air conditioning. All the money we've put into it over that time has been merely maintenance—replacing pipes, windows, wiring, etc. that seem to give up the ghost almost faster than we can cope. A serious look at what remains to be done convinced us that our Society simply cannot afford to replace all the windows, install a new heating system, and replumb the whole building, as well as the myriad small chores that need doing. The bright spot in this failure is the fact that the building *has* been saved from destruction through our efforts. Several people are now interested in purchasing the building and maintaining the exterior for its historical value while adapting the interior to modern offices. We think this is the best possible answer to our problems.

Headquarters House, during this time, has been suffering somewhat from diversion of our available funds to the Old Jail. It, too, needs a lot of maintenance. And some of the tenant-caretakers have been less than perfect. We feel the property needs our closer supervision. We have adapted the tenant apartment to house the Society's offices and feel it will be a happy solution for all the problems for a long time to come. Also, it will make the house available to visitors on a regular and much more frequent basis. Our new address—or should we say our *old* address will be:

118 East Dickson Street
Fayetteville, AR 72701.

Come see us!



ANOTHER'S WOE

By Betty Williams

Author's Note: Nancy Magee is my great-great grandmother. She was my grandmother's grandmother (both on the maternal side). Nancy was born in Clarion County, Pennsylvania, and lived to be 85 years old. She married William Cough in 1827 and they moved west to Allerton, Iowa. Their daughter Evaline Magee Cough, was born in 1836. Evaline married Samuel Rush Corbett in 1858. They had one son, William and two daughters—Nancy Ida (named for her grandmother) and Jessie. Nancy Ida Corbett married George Frederick Knerr in 1884. Their third child was my mother, Bee Knerr Bassett. This is a true story told me many times by my grandmother. Nancy Magee's sampler, made "in the 9th year of her age, 1815" is my most cherished family treasure."

When the cry broke the night stillness, the six people in the rough, mud-chinked cabin at the edge of the forest came abruptly awake, each in his own way. Andrew Magee pushed himself straight up and reached for the rifle hung on the oak pegs beside the bed frame. His wife Rachel sat up in one rustling movement, clutching the quilt that Andrew had shoved aside. Below, in the trundle bed, eight-year old Nancy strained her eyes open wide and lay motionless, holding her breath.

Rachel whispered, "What is it, husband?"

"Only some woods critter, Rachel. What else could —"

The cry came again, shrill, wavering, echoing through tall, massed forest brush into the clearing and the tensely listening ears of the people in the cabin.

"That's human, Andrew....Indians!" Rachel's voice rose. She flung back the quilt.

"Rachel, remember the girl." Andrew Magee spoke quietly, but his voice was firm. He got out of bed, motioning Rachel to stay, and padded over to the latched door. In the dim firelight over the loft's edge the boys' heads appeared. Nancy started up at them, breathing shallowly.

"Pa, want us?" John was scrambling down the ladder as he spoke.

"Yes, John, now — and you, Robert, come down and stay near your ma. Young Andy, stay up there." Andrew eased the door open, as John grabbed the flintlock from the hearth and went to stand behind his father.

Nancy's breath shuddered out in a whimper. It was hard to breathe, and her stomach felt all twisted up. Indians were awful savages that killed people and tore their hair off. Her hand went to her long, tangled braids. Of course it was 1814,and there'd been only about a thousand or so Indians left in all of Pennsylvania since the end of the War for Independence. Last term the schoolmaster had told them that.

Those that were left mostly stayed to themselves in the woods. Some, though, were cast out by the Indians themselves, for horse stealing or do-

ing crazy, bad things after drinking spirits. Nancy had heard her father say that Indians just couldn't drink white man's whiskey — it made them wild. The bad Indians lived by stealing food and raiding cabins or settlements wherever they could.

Once, when Nancy was five years old, a drunken brave had sneaked up out of the woods and tried to snatch a pan of cornmeal from the brown crock under the lean-to where Nancy was dipping it out for Rachel. Nancy's eyes clenched shut now as she remembered the skinny brown arm reaching, and the dirty black scalp lock greasy with muskrat grease, and the pungent, rotten stink of the Indian coming closer. She smelled the Indian for weeks after her father, coming round the lean-to, had killed him, shot him in the back, and buried him in the far field. She still smelled the Indian in nightmares from which she woke up screaming and covered with sweat. Indians — oh, she hated the heathen varmints, she was bad afraid of Indians, she was fairly scared to death of them... She threw the bedcovers over her head and dived into a ball, trying to hold her breath, trying not to smell the Indian smell, shaking.

At the door Andrew moved silently out into the sharp October night, and John followed him, clutching the flintlock. Robert got the axe from the chimney corner and covered the door.

"Ma," whispered Young Andrew. "if it's Indians, most likely we'll have to get to the fort. Won't we, Ma? Ma?"

"Hush, Andy," said Rachel. She got off the bed frame and knelt beside the trundle bed. She straightened Nancy's covers and then reached down for her, pulling the child up into her arms. Nancy buried her head against her mother, and Rachel patted and soothed her, rocking her back and forth. Nancy went on shaking but not as violently, and the Indian smell began to fade.

Andrew and John came back into the cabin. Robert pulled the door shut behind them and drew the latchstring in.

"I aim to fetch home a hound tomorrow when I go to Clarion City for supplies," said Andrew. He laid the rifle carefully on its pegs.

"Since Ring got snakebit last month, I haven't been easy in my mind about not having a hound," Andrew went on calmly.

"Ring would have knowed right off that crying was a woods critter," said John, his voice cracking a little.

"Ring was a right good hound," Rachel said comfortingly.

Andrew put more wood on the fire and blew on it. The fire crackled, and dim, leaping light reached out into the small room. Nancy's eyes kept shutting, and the safety of home and family surrounded her warmly like her own Rose of Sharon quilt.

The next morning Andrew rode the mare and John and Robert walked beside him downtrail on the way to Clarion City. In the blue sparkle of the October morning Rachel, Young Andrew, and Nancy waved goodbye until the travelers were out of sight.

"Now," said Rachel briskly, "You, Andy, fetch the wool down to the crick. Nancy, help Andy fetch the sacks. Don't drop one curl of that wool

now. I aim to dye up a mess of linsey-woolsey this year."

Nancy and Andy ran to the lean-to and wrestled the first bulky sack of raw wool shearings propped against the lean-to wall down the sloping bank behind it to the small, noisy stream at the foot of the bank. Where the bank rose and leveled, their cabin sat in a small clearing at the edge of the woods in the northwestern reaches of Pennsylvania. Tall pine, oak, and elm trees towered over it on all sides. To the east was a faint trail, hardly a track, that led from the clearing in the woods to the nearest neighbor's cabin three and a half miles away, and on past other cabins to the fort and main buildings of Clarion City.

At the water's edge where Nancy and Andy had tugged the sack, a wide, smooth boulder would hold the scoured wool sheerings until they dried, white and clean, in the still-hot October sun. The dry wool would be packed together onto clean bed quilts and hoisted up to the cabin. There Rachel would dye it dark brown with butternut stain, building a roaring fire under the huge brass dye-pot to set the color in the wool. The spinning wheel and loom would occupy the center of the cabin a long spell now, for the dyed wool would be spun into thread along with flax to give it toughness. Clothes for the Magee family would come from the linsey-woolsey, and they were sore needed, Rachel said, what with the boys growing so fast and wearing out their clothes quick as she made a new batch.

Rachel was already at the creek, taking out the grayish, homemade soap from the molds. Young Andrew and Nancy set to work quickly. The morning passed as they worked hard at the wool scouring, following the familiar routines of sorting, scrubbing, and layng out the thick wet wool. It was a beautiful fall day, the sky a clear, bright blue, the sun yellow and warm. The little creek ran noisily by, flashing in the sunlight.

Nancy pushed back a stray lock of hair and said suddenly, "Ma, reckon that were Indians last night?"

"Why no, Nancy girl," said Rachel. "Don't you remember your pa said 'twasn't?"

Andy said scornfully, "Aw, Nancy thinks everything's Indians. I haven't hardly heard tell of one around Clarion County this whole year."

Nancy said nothing. She was a small girl, quick and wiry and strong for her slight size. Her eyes were wide and blue in a face that bore the stamp of her father's stubborn chin. Her hair was her one beauty - shining, smooth, the color of autumn oak leaves, hanging to her waist in two thick braids.

"Nancy," said Rachel. "I need you to run up and fetch us back that spare mold of soap. It's pushed in under the dye-pot on the hearth."

"Yes, Ma," said Nancy, jumping up and wiping her soap-wrinkled hands on her apron. She gave a quick pull at Andy's hair as she scrambled up the slope past him.

"Aw," said Young Andrew disgustedly. "Silly ole girl anyway."

Nancy giggled and rounded the lean-to corner. She skipped a little and breathed deep of the soft air. Maybe she could snatch a bite of the johnny-cake Ma had baking on the hearth. It was sure to be done now, just keeping warm in the ashes. She skipped the last few steps to the cabin.

The johnny-cake was done to a turn, and Nancy broke off a corner, sniffing its hot fragrance. She stood by the hearth, biting into the steaming bread, passing it from one hand to the other. Then, like a thunderclap in sunlight, the cry that had struck her with terror the night before rose again from the woods behind the cabin.

Nancy stood frozen. Her arms and legs felt like blocks of stone, heavy, lifeless. Her mouth was dry as dust, and she tried to swallow and then force a cry out, but could not. Slowly she turned her head, willing it. Out of the corner of an eye she saw the fleeting, unmistakable shadow of an Indian head through the heavy waxed paper in the one window at the back of the cabin. The scalp lock, the feather, the harsh nose and chin burned in her eyes. Her heart shriveled within her. Looking wildly around, she was conscious of only one thought — hide, hide! But the quilts were down at the creek so she couldn't get underneath them, and there was no time to climb the shaky swinging ladder to the loft. Already she heard their strange, jerky muttering. They would burst in on her any minute.

She turned wildly, and her foot struck the big brass dye-pot tilted almost over against the raised hearth. Without thinking, Nancy fell to the floor and crawled in under the pot. She thrust the soap mold out on the hearth. Her small body just fitted under the sloping brass sides as she drew herself up into a ball. Her heart pounded in her ears.

Then there were the sounds of the Indians pushing into the cabin, talking in guttural monosyllables. Nancy heard the pewter cups and plates falling with a series of thuds from the cupboard shelf to the hard dirt floor. To her frenzied ears the sounds of invasion sounded as if they were coming from a whole band of savages. She heard noises of ripping and tearing, and close to her, pots being overturned and what seemed like loud chewing and gulping. The rasping talk continued too.

Suddenly the brass sides of her hiding place rang excruciatingly in her ears, reverberating with a hideous clang. To Nancy it was the loud clap of doom, and she found her voice and screamed piercingly and scrabbled madly away from where the sound had first struck her ringing ears. The world was ablaze with sound. She covered her ears with her arms and screamed back. When she finally realized that her own voice was making the hurtful noise and that the ringing had died away, she opened her eyes and found herself staring at the broad, weathered doorsill. It made no sense to her. The doorsill was all the way across the cabin from the hearth. Nancy sobbed and hiccuped and stared stupidly at the doorsill.

She never quite remembered the dye-pot's being forcefully thrust up and to one side and Andy's face looking down at her anxiously, or Rachel's strong arms lifting her. The next clear recollection she had was of being rocked and held tightly, and hearing her mother's voice croon to her, and feeling her tense body gradually unwind as she lay bundled up in Rachel's lap. The rest of that day she said very little but clung tenaciously to her mother's skirts as Rachel cleaned up the cabin, went with Andy to bring the washed wool up from the creek, and dyed it in the brass pot that had sheltered Nancy.

Andy brought in logs for the fire and looked kindly away from Nancy hanging on Rachel's skirts like a baby. She was a girl after all and plumb scared to death of Indians, even mangy old toothless ones who hadn't taken anything but food and hadn't done anything but knock over a few things to get at the food.

When Andrew and John and Robert appeared in the cabin door at dusk, Nancy was almost asleep. Rachel laid her gently on the big bed and went to put food on the table. Nancy heard a muffled yipping and vaguely realized that Pa and the boys had brought back a hound puppy. After a while the boys came in the cabin together, and the family sat down to supper. Nancy heard them talking as she lay half-asleep, rolled up in the Rose of Sharon quilt.

"She was under the dye-pot, Pa," said Andy. "Over by the doorsill. Just hollering and crying. There wasn't no Indians here when Ma and I got to the house, just Nancy under the dye-pot."

"How'd you know there ever was Indians then?" Andrew's voice was low.

"They come right by us, running full tilt," said Rachel. "Where we washed the wool by that bank, a body is hid from the woods. They run right by above us, through the woods."

"They was hollering too, saying something over and over," Andy said.

Through the firelight Nancy's eyes, half-shut, found her father. Andrew Magee spoke deliberately.

"Preacher was telling how a couple of half-starved Iroquois come by the meeting-house this noon while he was mending the roof. You know, Brother Springer understands their talk some, and he says them Indians was plumb scared out of their wits. Kept talking about the Great Spirit in some white man's cabin, speaking in thunder out of the white man's cook-pot and chasing the Iroquois all over the cabin, to punish them for leaving their people...Why, them Indians was heading north to join up with the tribe just because they was so scared of the thundersign from the Great Spirit."

Nancy's eyes were wide open. She tried to find words.

"Pa." Her voice came out in a small croak. "Pa, was it me? Was it me under the dye-pot they was scared of?"

Andrew got up from the table and came over to the bed. He bent over and picked Nancy up, slid out the trundle bed with a foot, and laid Nancy down again gently, smoothing her braids with a big hand.

"Yes, Nancy," he said. "Seems like you and the Indians was both scared. At least you knew they was human beings. Now go to sleep. I want to tell Brother Springer about this tomorrow."

As many times in her life as Nancy was later to live over the episode under the dye-pot, she never thought about it without coming up with a shock against the realization that the fearsome Indians of her nightmares were only life-size after all and subject to nightmares of their own, that she herself in fact had probably inspired such nightmares for the hungry renegades who had raided the Magee cabin.

"They was probably starving," she would tell her children, and later her grandchildren. "They was bad hungry and weak-like, and when I hollered under the dye-pot after one of them hit it by mistake, they thought the Great Spirit was bent on punishment. After that, Indians never seemed like demons, or even savages to me again — only human beings, scared and hungry and running. That winter when I turned nine, I chose my sampler motto on purpose to mind me of that."

"Grandmother" said one granddaughter once, "Grandmother, did your papa and mama help you choose your motto too?"

"Yes, Nancy Ida," said the first Nancy. "They helped me, but they knew what I wanted to say. They knew what I wanted to remember."

"Say it now to me, Grandmother. Please say it again to me."

The simple words said by Nancy Magee to her children and grandchildren were a part of her life, and the spirit of her life. That spirit still endures when other generations' children stand and look at Nancy's sampler, framed now to save it, and read the words embroidered on the old linsey-woolsey cloth: "Nancy Magee...her Sampler...Wrought in the 9 year of her Life...1815."

Above the proud words of ownership Nancy's motto comes clearly down the years:

"Teach me to feel another's woe, to hide the fault I see.
That mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me."

VIRGINIA C. LEDBETTER PRIZE

The Center of Arkansas Studies at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock announces the Virginia C. Ledbetter Prize for studies of Arkansas. The award is $1,000 and will be given to the author of a non-fiction, book-length study of Arkansas history or culture (including art, economics, politics, religion, society and related topics) that makes a major contribution to its field.

For further information, write: S. Charles Bolton, Director, Center for Arkansas Studies, University of Arkansas at Little Rock, 33rd and University Avenue, Little Rock, AR 72204.

CYCLONE, FIRE AND HAIL IN FAYETTEVILLE - 1880-81

by Robert G. Winn

By the spring of 1880 the growing town of Fayetteville, Arkansas appeared to be on its way to becoming a thriving metropolis with the business district centered around the square. On the evening of April 18 that year, nobody imagined that before midnight the prosperous town around the square as well as almost every building between the old fairgrounds (located just north of the present Highway 62 West and Razorback Road) and East Mountain (Mount Sequoyah) would lie in piles of rubble from one of the most devastating tornadoes ever to strike Washington County.

About eight o'clock, lightning and heavy thunder approaching from the southwest became a deafening roar. Before citizens had time to seek shelter, the tornado struck. The first home to be destroyed was that of John Kelton, near Rochier's Pond, just south and west of the railway trestle over Highway 62 and near Paris Avenue, that leads up the hill to Sunrise Manor. From here, the twister swept in a northeasterly direction, taking the homes of W. M. Barnes, the Potts, Jobe, Albright, Paddock, Vaughn, Mrs. Crouch, and the I.O.O.F. Lodge hall before striking the Tremont House on the southwest corner of the Square. It tore the top story off this three-story brick building, crushing the northeast corner and killing the proprietor's wife, Mrs. H. L. (Victoria) Glass. At the same instant, it tore off the front of the Thomas Boles store on the south side, turning it upside down and inside out, leaving it leaning against the front of the building. It then skipped over to Baum Bros. store on the east side, making a complete wreck of all save the south wall. The Baum building was a solid two-story brick with a frontage of more than 60 feet. Their stock of merchandise, clothing, household furnishings, etc. was scattered over a wide area. William Campbell in his book "Fayetteville 1828-1928" states "Baum's was a complete wreck save the south wall. The shelving against this wall was stocked with chinaware. None of it was disturbed or broken.Part of the roof of this building was found in Goshen."

Near Baum's stood a frame building. The only damage done to it was a couple of weatherboards yanked off the bottom part. From the Square, the winds dipped into what was known as "Tin Cup" hollow where, according to the *Fayetteville Democrat* of May 1, 1880, it "leveled every shanty and cabin." A Negro baby was blown clear across the hollow, apparently without injury.

Little damage was done to the north side of the Square. The Tremont House was keeping a pig in an old hogshead barrel behind the hotel. The wind picked this up and set it down in the courtyard without injury to the pig. In all, 65 houses were destroyed. Miraculously, only one life was lost, that was Mrs. Glass. The National Weather Service recorded that 25 persons were injured. The only severe injury was to Mrs. Addison Bishop whose arm had to be amputated. The tornado next struck Goshen and

almost destroyed that hamlet.

"Under the energtic leadership of Mayor Van Hoose, the town immediately organized relief committees to aid the injured and those whose possessions and homes had been destroyed. Neighboring towns responded to the immediate need by sending generous contributions in cash and produce. Prairie Grove sent flour and money; Boonesboro (Cane Hill) sent 925 pounds of flour and 218 pounds of bacon as well as money. Col. Lake of Viney Grove sent two loads of corn and 200 pounds of bacon. Mrs. Helen Severs of Cincinnati sent a lot of clothing."(From the *Fayetteville Democrat* of May 1, 1880.)

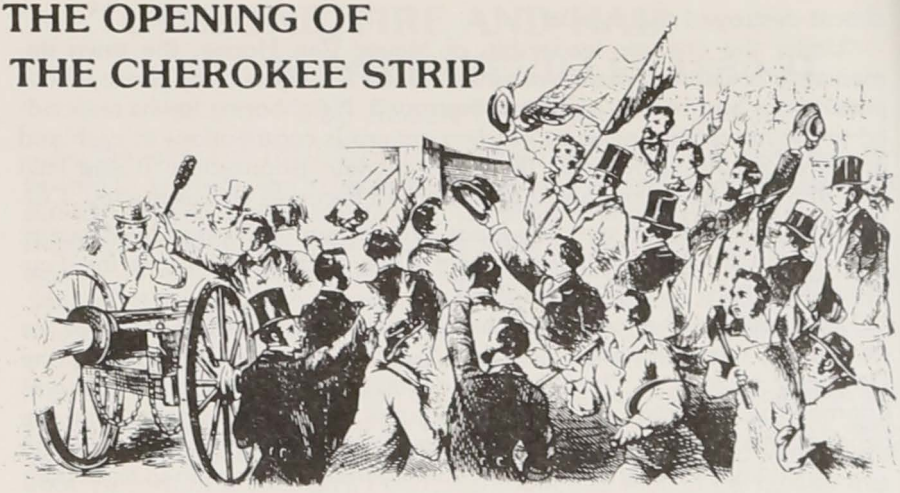
The people of the town were hardly recovered from the shock of the destructive tornado when the second catastrophe struck. Quoting the *Democrat* of May 1. "Last week it seemed that our beautiful city was doomed to destruction. Almost on the heels of the cyclone came the fire fiend, seemingly intent upon completing the ruin and destruction. About 3 o'clock Friday morning of last week our citizens were awakened from their sleep by the dreaded cry of fire and ringing of bells and in a few moments, men, women, and children could be seen hurrying toward the square with despair depicted on their countenances.

"From the location of the fire and piles of rubble, lumber, boxes and other flammable matter scattered over the area and around the square by the tornado, many believed that it was beyond the power of man to save the city. But brave and determined men were there to make the effort. The fire originated in the post office building, the most beautiful structure in town. This building was destroyed, as well as Bob Stone's Book Store on the south. All that could be done was attempted to save the north side of the square which had escaped destruction in the tornado. Fighters were hindered by the fact that the wind was blowing from the south. The Stone, Albright & Co. brick on the corner was the first line of defense. Captain George Albright, foreman of the volunteer fire fighters, formed a bucket brigade from the two cisterns at the courthouse and from wells around the square. By heroic efforts, the men were able to keep the fire from spreading to neighboring structures."

Nature truly did appear to bear a special grudge against Fayetteville in the years 1880-81. According to a souvenir booklet issued by Baum & Bros., "All will remember the hail storm of April 11, 1881 when hail stones as big as cannon balls bombarded the city, battering roofs and demolishing windows."

Campbell's history of Faytteville states, "On April 11, 1881, about five o'clock in the afternoon, a greenish black cloud whirled up from the northwest with an indescribable roar and most of the aspects of a tornado. But it proved to be an unparalleled hailstorm, the stones measuring from 8 to 11 inches in circumference. Mose Baum says pieces of his new tin roof were completely cut out by the impact — that roof timbers were split like titans had been on it with sledge hammers. 487 panes of glass were broken out of the north side of the University building (Old Main)."

THE OPENING OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP



by Grace Taylor Grother (as told me by my father)

It was a mad race and in the midst of it I stopped, looked back and around, just as I did in my dream. In 1893 I made the run in the Cherokee Strip opening in the Indian Territory, now the State of Oklahoma. I had read about the race at Gutherie, Indian Territory, a few years before and became so interested in it that I had a most vivid dream one night of making the race for that land, and decided to enter the race for the opening of the Strip.

On September 2, 1893, a group of friends and I started from Fayetteville, Arkansas. Mr. Dick Blackmere, "Uncle Dick" as everyone knew him, took his wagon and a big team of grey horses, and Mr. Jim Bozarth, Mr. Will Summers, and a colored boy named Bill Carr went with me in my wagon. Tied behind my wagon was a little buckskin horse, belonging to Mr. Summers, and my little black saddle horse, Dennis. Mr. Frank Mayes joined us later, going by train.

We drove to Nowata, Oklahoma where Mr. Burtis Rudolph was waiting for us, having started a few days before with his wagon and team of mules. While we were camped at Nowata, where hundreds of others were camped on their way to the Opening, the horses stampeded and some had to chase their horses as far as three miles before catching them.

We then continued our trek across the prairie to Arkansas City, Kansas over hot, dusty, common wagon trail roads.

We arrived on Sunday, September 10, 1893 and struck camp in a grove along the Walnut River bottom east of a bridge that was at least 300 feet long where it crossed the river. I recall that one of Mr. Blackmere's big grey horses broke through a plank of the bridge, one hind leg going through to his body. We had plenty of help to just lift him out after we got him calmed down. He was so frightened that for a time it seemed he would surely break his leg.

It was estimated that twenty thousand people were camped there, thick as wagons could be, over the Walnut River bottom, for people had come from many, many states to make the race. Whole families came, bringing little children and everything they possessed, hoping to homestead on the land they got. Many, I suppose, have lived on their farms through the years. Many took up town lots as the government had laid off this tract of land in town lots as well as 160-acre tracts.

We stood in line two days and nights, all night long, too, as they would take twenty persons at a time into the tent where we would register and leave through an exit flap. The line would be stopped right at the tent door for each twenty persons to be taken in and registered. This was the routine procedure until all had signed up for the race which was to be run September 16. This long line was patroled by Federal soldiers on horseback.

While we were camped waiting for the day of the race, we would sit around the campfire, Mr. Summers playing the guitar while Bill Carr, the colored boy, sang. Some nights Bill would get as much as $3.00 in coins tossed in his hat. The young folks danced the old fashioned square dance in the moonlight. At daybreak some of us would go for water about three-quarters of a mile away where a fine spring flowed fine pure water at the base of a high bluff. The air fresh and invigorating, the birds chirping, the sun rising in the East made, in the language of today, a grand and glorious feeling.

We would go to the post office in Arkansas City every day to get our mail and there we would stand in line as far as two blocks, waiting our turn for mail from home.

The day before the race Mr. Blackmere decided he would not make the run, and loaded up and left for home.

When the cannon fired at twelve noon on September 16, we started south from the Chilocco Indian Reservation, running about a mile west of, but parallel with, a train loaded with people who were also making the run. It was remarkable that the speed of the train did not exceed that of wagon teams and riding horses. I never knew if such had been prearranged or not, but certainly it was apparent that there was to be no advantage for those riding by train over those by wagon or horseback.

The race was an exact replica of my dream, people coming behind just as fast as people running ahead, some on horseback, some in wagons, buggies filled with men, women and children, and some riding in wagons that that had the beds taken off, with just a platform left to make travel lighter.

We had run south about eight miles when I saw the train stop and people jump off and out of the train and run to set their stakes. I knew that was to be the townsite, and as I wanted farm land I jumped off my horse and set stakes. I stayed there all afternoon running people away as they would try to set stakes, and because of the scarcity of water I had to buy it from a water wagon at 10¢ a pint cupful.

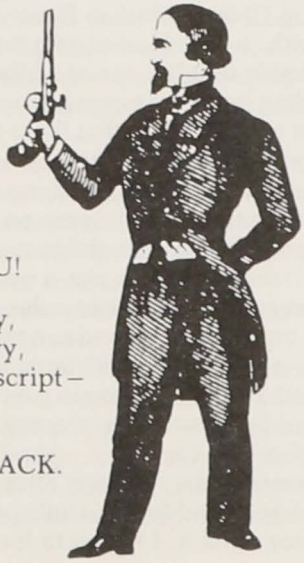
Sunday morning, the next day after the race, I began to search for water. I went up the creek and found a little pool of water as green as grass, but the stock could not drink it. I began to look around to see where it came from

and found a dry spot of ground with cattle tracks indicating that once there had been water there. I noticed across the prairie about a quarter of a mile where a family was camped, and I walked over and borrowed a pick and shovel from them. I went back to where the dry cattle tracks were and went to work.

After digging about a foot deep and the size of a water bucket, water, clear, pure and cold, gushed out. I kept digging until it was four feet deep and the size of an ordinary well. By noon the well was full and overflowing, and I began selling water to townspeople three-quarters of a mile away at five cents a bucket. The traffic was so heavy a big road was soon beaten out across the grassy prairie. I sold water all night Sunday night, all day Monday and Monday night and until noon Tuesday when the wells they were drilling in the town of Newkirk were being completed.

To make a long story short, when we measured our claims I found that I had set stakes on another man's claim, but it was a wonderful experience and I have enjoyed it through all the years, and as long as the others in the party from here lived, we enjoyed talking about it. They are all gone to their reward now and Bill Carr, the colored boy, and I are the only ones left. Bill is now 69 years of age and I am eighty-six. My three sons did not elect to enjoy such rugged pioneering, but my three grandsons have surpassed by far my own experience, having already spent four years of their precious young lives in the service of their country, from the training camps and air fields of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, South Dakota and California to Australia, New Guinea, England and France.

(Editor's Note: The above story was made available to us by Mrs. Annette William of Fayetteville. The date of the story is unknown.)



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The Editors

DAYS OF CHRISTMAS PAST

by Pat Donat

(courtesy of Northwest Arkansas TIMES)

Christmas is just around the corner and with it comes the nostalgia of Christmases past. Were the lights really that bright, the carols that sweet, or has selective memory retained only the joy and none of the disappointments of the season?

Did the town of Fayetteville a hundred years ago celebrate the season as it is observed today? A search of the *Fayetteville Weekly Democrat* from 1868 to 1883 shows some similarities and also some changes in emphasis.

The Christmas season was not quite as commercialized a century ago in Fayetteville, if one can base a judgment on what appeared in the paper. But the gradual encroachment of commercialism is noted as many times the only mention of the season was in comments about what was available in the stores.

In December 1868 the month was ushered in with almost the same weather conditions we had last year. "The weather is cold and the clouds indicate snow." The indication came to pass because later in the month there was one inch of the white stuff.

The paper was published on Christmas Day and the editor admonished his readers to be sure when they sat down to their holiday feast that they did not "abandon the poor".

Fayetteville was beginning to recover from the Civil War and there were some improvements being made. Baum Brothers, who had a dry goods

store on the east side of the square, expected to move into an elegant two-story marble front building by Christmas.

At this time Fayetteville had ten dry goods stores, two family groceries, two tin shops, two printing offices, two drug stores, two hotels, a livery stable, five doctors, 15 lawyers, a saddler, and a tailor shop.

The *Fayetteville Democrat* had moved to the north side of the square and was located upstairs over Dr. Cox's Drug Store.

It was a good year for consumers because good cornfed pork was selling on the streets at six cents per pound. More to the liking of the feminine heart, however, was the fact that fashions were available from Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Boles. The editor was sure that everybody and his sweetheart would attend the one entertainment to be given by the Western Variety Troupe at the Seminary.

A year later the holiday season was inaugurated when Isaac Taylor re-opened his billiard saloon on Main Street (now Center Street). But there was concern among the citizenry about fires and a public meeting was held to organize an effective way to prevent and extinguish fires. One of the suggestions made was to enlarge the two cisterns at the courthouse (then on the center of the Square) to hold 500 barrels.

Although the railroad did not come to Fayetteville until 1881, it was talked about for a least 20 years preceding that event. This year one of the "aginers" wrote that he was against the railroad because it would bring carpetbaggers, confidence men and cholera to the city. It would bring rich nabobs who would put up noisy foundries and raise the cost of eggs, butter and vegetables. The railroad would swell the town population, and bring in oily-tongued Yankees who "will cheat us out of our eyeteeth".

The editor, in a helpful mood, listed ladies' furs, cloaks, breakfast shawls, nubias, capes, pulse warmers, doll babies, hats, and photograph albums as suitable Christmas presents. As the holiday came closer he also observed that wood was selling on the streets for $1.50 for two-horse load and that "big fat turkeys are going off the streets like hotcakes at 75 cents per gob" The weather in 1869 was also seasonal, with snow on the ground for 14 days.

Despite the expression of the writer who did not want a railroad to come to Fayetteville, the Arkansas Western Railroad Company met in 1870 and it was stated that it is now "in position to entertain propositions from capitalists for building the road."

The population in Washington County was 19,547 and in Fayetteville 1,230 but the editor struck with the holiday spirit wanted some evidence of the season. He wrote "Why can't the people of our city prepare a tree for Christmas? Nothing will relieve the monotony which prevails on that day so much as a social gathering." Perhaps the Christmas spirit was helped by the weather, but apparently not enough for a Christmas tree. Several citizens were engaged in putting up ice which was about four inches thick.

Eggs, the editor said, were in great demand "particularly if there is a little nogg mixed with 'em."

Citizens awakened during this holiday to snow to the depth of seven to

eight inches. "Wednesday was the coldest we have felt for many a year and it is 45 miles below Hog Eye." Just how cold that measurement is cannot be determined now, but obviously it was pretty nippy.

One of the signs of progress in 1871 was the "magnificent brick hotel" which was being erected by Mrs. Black and Capt. Jennings. Skating was good on the Big Branch for the past week or so and the editor took time to encourage the children to remember to hang up their little stockings on Christmas Eve. For the grownups there was a grand masquerade ball which was only one of the social gatherings that put the Christmas holiday "enjoyment in full blast".

Someone took the editor's advice of a year ago and there was a Christmas tree at the residence of C. W. Walker which was largely attended. The tree was richly laden with beautiful presents. This Christmas got off to an early start and before the special day it was reported that there were two fights and 65 drunks which the editor said made it a dull Christmas.

The Christmas of 1872 passed without much notice by the editor but he observed that it opened up lively Wednesday morning with 12-15 drunks. "The boys will have their fun and headaches even if eggs are worth 25 cents per dozen".

Apparently 1873 was somewhat brighter, if not for the city, at least for the editor. Early in December he said that Santa Claus had deposited a cargo of nice Christmas candies at Mrs. Manuels' which will be distributed among all the little girls and boys in the country. The weather was lovely hereabouts until Wednesday when there was a tremendous wind and rain storm which was followed up by a slight sprinkle of snow which fell to the depth of three inches.

Instead of thinking of the holidays, the editor was concerned about street conditions. "The bridge at a branch in the western limits of the city has fallen down; the bottom has fallen out of the branch and many country friends have lost their religion about midway of the crossing."

The holiday spirit infected the prisoners in the jail who apparently wanted to be anywhere else than jail. They broke down all the doors except the outside one at which time they were discovered and securely locked up again. The editor admonished his neighbors to exercise the true spirit of Christmas. "For at least once, let all, both saint and sinner, emulate the golden age of harmony. Go to church in the morning so you shall know how to enjoy the evening."

This year the paper announced that boys would find all kinds of fireworks at Conner's, such as Roman candles, firecrackers and torpedoes. In addition to the sporadic shooting off of fireworks, there was a great fireworks display at Conner's corner on the Square at Christmas Eve.

The county prisoners did get a reprieve for the holidays when some unknown person released them. "They are supposed to be taking their Christmas out in the rural district. Perhaps they will return."

The editor in 1874 is still advocating a Christmas tree. "The good folks don't seem to care a cent whether or not the town has a Christmas tree. We announce with tears in our eyes that the enterprise proved a failure."

Although he had advertised where the boys could get fireworks the year before this year, the editor was disgruntled by the noise. "We would take great pleasure in publishing the obituary, free gratis, of the man who invented firecrackers."

In 1876 the editor is warning young men that the holidays are approaching and they should be cogitating what to buy for their sweethearts. One of the social events of the season mentioned was a performance of the City Cornet Band. The concert was an effort to raise funds to purchase two or three new instruments.

With tongue in cheek, the editor gave advice on carving the turkey. "As Christmas will soon be here, it perhaps will not be out of place for us to state that in carving a turkey in the presence of guests it is a breach of etiquette to stop more than twice to spit on your hand and get a new hold."

Once again, Christmas of 1877 was ushered in with a cold snap and the "thermometer stands below freeze somewhere". The editor again took issue with the shooting of firecrackers and said the boys should be more careful in firing Roman candles and rockets. Several windows were broken this week and there is great danger from fires. He pointed out that in most towns they are strictly prohibited except on Christmas Day and the Fourth of July.

Noting the usual financial condition of newpaper people, then and now, the editor became philosophical and wrote that this is the season of the year when a man who wants to remember the poor can sit down and think of himself the whole day long.

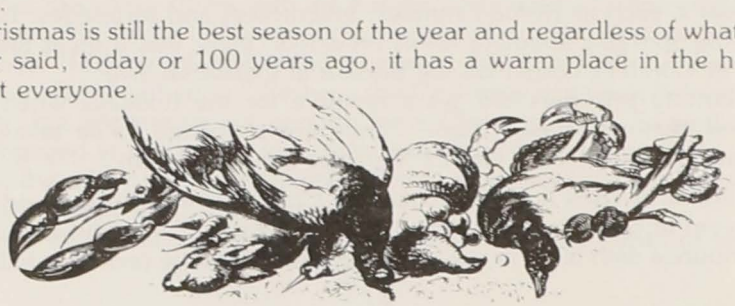
Some issues of the paper are missing and the Christmas season of 1881, the year the railroad came to Fayetteville, starts off on an upbeat note with the streets daily crowded with wagons of produce and wood. "Businesses of the town have never had it better."

The new Odd Fellows Hall over Whitlow and Lake's drugstore was dedicated in time for the holidays and the first passenger train ran to the new depot on Dickson Street. The old depot, beyond the cut, was over a mile from town and the new location was a good move in the mind of the editor.

There was a grand holiday ball at the Mountain House and an immense display of holiday goods at the various houses in the city which convinced the editor that Christmas is "nigh".

The next year Christmas followed a prosperous season for the farmers with large crops and good sales. "With plenty of money in their pockets and no poor kin, our farmers should make themselves a Christmas gift of a new saddle and a new set of wagon harness," was the suggestion made by the editor.

Christmas is still the best season of the year and regardless of what is written or said, today or 100 years ago, it has a warm place in the hearts of almost everyone.



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